

Miscellanea:

O R

Various Discourses

UPON

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|-----------------------|
| 1. <i>Tragedy,</i> | } & } | 4. <i>The English</i> |
| 2. <i>Comedy,</i> | | <i>Comedy.</i> |
| 3. <i>The Italian</i> | | 5. <i>And Operas,</i> |
- to his Grace, the D. of *Buckingham.*

Together

With *Epicurus* his *Morals.*

Written Originally

By the *Sieur de Saint Evremond,*

And made English

By *FERRAND SPENCE.*

To which is prefixt a General *Dissertation*, introductory to the several *Traacts*, and Dedicated to *T. M. Esquire.*

Licensed R. L'S.

L O N D O N, Printed for *Sam. Holford* at the
Crown in the *Pall-Mall.* 1686.

67m

Th 1056.85.15



HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918



TO MY

Honour'd Friend

Thomas Milton Esquire.

S I R.

I *T is the happiness of this Age, to equal, if not to exceed all others in true Philosophy, that is to say, in the knowledge of men and things. One reason of which knowledge I shall only insist*

The Preface.

*on at present, and that lyrs
in the general Communication
of Books by Translating them
from all Ages and all Coun-
tries into all Neoterique Mo-
ther Tongues. But, if there be
a more than ordinary Exten-
sion of this advantage, We, un-
doubtedly, meet with it in our
own Nation: Where not only
the best discourses, penn'd by
the most Eminent Men of the
States round about us, are
taught to speak English, but the
Primogenial Wits of Athens
and Rome do not miss of such
hands, as are in no wise une-
qual to the mighty task of
interpreting them, but seem
Commissionated by Nature
to handle and revive their
Ashes,*

The Preface.

Ashes, and perhaps bestow upon them a greater fame and lustre, than they had, when they first appeared in the World.

This, I say, not to set a value or reputation on our own Countrey, by the disparagement of Greece or Italy, the first nurseries of Art and Wit, but only to shew, that I am not as yet fully persuaded of the Divinity of those Antient Heroes, and that he who adores 'em, must be at the same time blinded with that Cloud of Incense, which he offers up to them. Great Geniusses, most indubitably, they had, and did rarely well in those days,

The Preface.

*wherein they had not fail'd of
Admiration) if they had done
less : But, by no means, can I
think it tolerable, that because
they were accounted the chief-
est Men in their own Age,
they should indefinitely be look'd
upon as such in all succeeding
times. I will readily grant
that those Authors of Anti-
quity in their composures of
Wit, and particularly in those
that appertain to the Theatre,
had a richer Vein, than we
have, for the Description of
Nature, and of humane Passi-
ons, and, in brief, of what-
ever bears a respect to wording
and expression, But, since in
things of this nature there are
other matters to be observed,
and*

The Preface.

and a due Decorum, Contrivance, Oeconomy and Methodical Distribution of the several Portions is to be carefully minded, (which I may call the Mechanical compounding Parts, and which will require no small number of Rules and Precepts that can never be found out but by a long train of Experience and Reflection) it must follow, that the last Ages will have the advantage in these concerns, for as much as they have enjoy'd all the labour and thinking and mistakes of the former.

Of all the considerations, that belong to Men of Letters, this seems to me the most weighty

The Preface.

ty and Important : For, if, on the one side, a contemptuous treatment and irreverential behaviour towards our Forefathers be an ill quality in a Scholar, on th' other, a neglect and disestimation of the Moderns is still of as bad a consequence, by reason of the just indignation, which Men of the clearest Heads in this Age cannot but conceive, when having the most accomplisht natural Endowments, and the greatest solidity of judgment, yet they shall chuse rather to lye idle and bury their Talents in obscurity, than venture to come into the light, where they will have open injustice done them: Which Horace complains

The Preface.

be met withal, when the least works of Antiquity were prefer'd before the acutest and most exact Complexures under the Reign of Augustus

This remark, Sir, I hope, is sufficient both to excuse the labour I have bestow'd on this piece, and likewise to make some Apology for my prefixing your name to it: For, as it is a thing of more than ordinary sagacity and delicacy of sense, and might claim a much more accurate Pen than mine, to put it into an English dress, and as here will be quarrelling work for the most ambitious and forward Spirits in the Empire of Wit, wherein no Man ought
to

The Preface.

to plead the merit of Nobility and all-commanding Grandeur, but that only of good-sense to Rise, so, I think it a felicity worthy to be commemorated both by my-self and this Book, that I have chosen a Man of that excellence and height of Soul, to whom I might justly assign the protection of the highest and most incomparable present, which, (universally speaking) ever the Muses made to Mankind, since the Triumphant Ages of Conquests and Politeneſs. I was never so vain as to flatter my self, that I could write any thing, which would bear your Eye: But, having taken in the loftiest Ideas of these Papers in the Original,

The Preface.

ginal, *I fancy'd, I might safely venture an other Man's thoughts in your presence ; Especially, when they were of so nice a stamp and so ponderous a character : Tho, perhaps, in this Translation they do not resemble the Elements of the Aristotelian Hypothesis, which are the more weighty, when remov'd out of their Native Station.*

Wherefore, to your Candour, Sir, not Judgment, I must appeal in this my Performance: And I do not care, with what disrepute to my self, provided I can get your single Approbation, which is more to me than the Applause
of

The Preface.

of a whole Theatre. The truth is, unless we take this way, the Criticks are too hard for us: They make Parties, and damn e'ry thing without Wit or Conscience: Which, no doubt, is the readiest way of thriving and building a Man's Greatness in this World; For, if Alexander had snorted and boggled at invading other Men's Kingdoms, he had never wept for the scarcity of Worlds. Yet, let men say what they will, there is such a thing as Good sense, in the General Notion whereof every one does agree as much as in the Idea of a Triangle. I have frequently met with it in the Pit among the Women

The Preface.

men, *who have judged with that undebauch'd uprightness and Integrity, that I could hardly find any Imperfection, left by traduction in their Souls: Their minds enjoy'd their Native Purity, were unsophisticated and free from all the Illusions of Prejudice, Friendship, or Interest: and to such minds as these must I recommend the Speculation of these uncompounded Essences of Poetry, with Reference to the Stage.*

For, this Enchyridion containing no superficial, but the fundamental Notions, and (as it were) the Metaphysics

The Preface.

physicks of the Theatre, will require a Mind abstracted from all Prepossessions, that can retire into it-self to Meditate, and there whirle about like so many Atomes, the Eternal Paradigms of things, those spectres and Ghosts of Entity, with which Plato was so much inamour'd, as to relate them into the number of his causes. So that unless the Brain be thoroughly defecated, these thoughts will be neither well-understood nor relish'd: They are not of a cut for every ordinary Perception, nor the staring gheses of the incogitant Rabble. For, as I have heard our Church-men, say, that the Antient Fathers suppos'd

The Preface.

suppos'd, that the sufferings which our Saviour underwent in his Body, were more afflictive to him, than the same wou'd have been to an other person, by reason of his excellency and quickness of the sense of Feeling ; so likewise these sublime Ratiocinations will be reach'd in proportion to the height of the capacity, that stretches it self at them. They are not deliver'd with Ornament and Polishing ; they are firm and solid, like Metals of the strongest, most enduring and noblest substance, which are fill'd with the greatest difficulty : They are not set off with any pimping dress or foreign blandishments, but the
Author

The Preface.

*Author seems to have that of
Martial in his Eye.*

*Quicquid amas, cupias non
placuisse nimis.*

*Tho' certainly truth never
appears more beauteous and
killing, than when we have
the good Fortune to see her
as stark-naked, as ever her
Maker made her, or Men keep
plain-dealing still so in this
World. Octavius took great care
to express his mind with the
greatest plainness imaginable,
and was us'd to reprehend Marc-
Antony for writing such things
as Men did rather wonder at,
than understand. To speak the
truth, when we write on a ra-
tional*

The Preface.

tional *Subject*, it is a hard matter to be witty, without spoiling the Connexion and order of Deductions: For Wit being nothing but the ferment of the Soul, such Excoctions must necessarily offuscate the brightness of Reason, we must deal with it, as we do with dangerous Physick, weighing it by Grains and Scruples and nice Proportions. And, in the management of such Arguments, it is as carefully and prudentially to be disperst, as motion in the Universe; what it gains in one part it looses it another, so that in the whole it remains always alike and the same.

This

The Preface.

This Objection, I foresaw, would presently be rais'd against these Essayes; and therefore, I have taken leave of you, Sir, here to answer it at first once for all. There are many others, that I know, will be started, which I cannot better obviate and make a reply to, as well as to those, which the Author himself brings against the English Stage, than by prefixing here a Preliminary discourse concerning the distinct Tracts of this Book which I must submit all along to your Lime and Correction: For, since Criticks now adays, are grown more assuming than Jove himself, and the sacred Lawrel it self is not over-safe from their Thunder-

The Preface.

Thunder-bolts, *the* humbler Shrubs of *the* plain (*as* Cowley calls them) had best take all possible care to shelter themselves the best they can.

This I shall endeavour to perform in Emulation of my present *Author*, with all the natural easiness imaginable : I will go no further than my own present thoughts which hazard rather than Study brings into my mind : I will fancy my self in your Company, sliding from one hint to another, in a grateful variety of Sentiments : I will only examine the plain nature of things, and not the adventitious *Appendixes* of industrious
Cogi-

The Preface.

Cogitation: If I must be sometimes forc'd to an Ostentation of Learning, when I come to want a Quotation, I will get up to reach down my Author: I will speak nothing in a passionate and Dogmatical Huff, nor will I follow in Poetry the great Duellists in Religion, who, tho Chaplains to the Prince of Peace, are evermore termagantly mad, and with the most sanguinary zeal hacking and hewing one another.

All the World knows, how necessary to our selves is the observation of other Mens minds and manners. The Stage has been so often call'd the Looking-glass of Mankind, that

The Preface.

that I am as much ashamed to repeat it, as to obtrude a Proverb upon Company for a new notion, or to averr with an hundred and fifty Oaths, that two and two make four. It is almost an Eternal verity, and had not Cicero told me, that for the preservation of health, a Man ought to study and be thoroughly acquainted with the State of his own Body, yet I shou'd have believ'd, that it is very requisite towards a good Regulation of our Lives, to take a Prospect of the loveliness of Vertue, the odiousness of Vice, and to see those little extravagancies of Men's Tempers, which are still'd humours, publickly ridicul'd.

The

The Preface.

The two first of these are the proper business and subject matter of Tragedy and Tragicomedy: For I shall use this latter Term, since it's not only authoriz'd by Plautus, but also by the Modern Practice: Tho I may possibly elsewhere and at some other time take occasion to shew, there is no such thing in Nature. In Tragedy every thing is employ'd to move and stir up the Passions of the Spectators by the dreadful Adventures which it represents, and then it's work is to appease and settle their Souls in their former calm and tranquillity; whilst the great Heroes of Antiquity are rais'd from their Graves, taking up their

The Preface.

their Tenements of Clay again, to converse with us. This, unquestioness, is a great advantage, that for half a Crown we can come into their Company, and hear them be their own Historians, and talk such fine things about Love and Honour, without being affrighted at their Spectres. And, this is one of the chief Preheminences of a City above a Countrey Life, that we can enjoy such illustrious and edifying Dialogues. We see virtue in it's exalted State, that
ἡ ψὴρ ἡμᾶς ἀπερνῇ, L7.C.1.
which Aristotle (who poyson'd his Pupil and Benefactour, mentions in his Ethicks, whereby he denotes, that it is not so much situated above our Attain-

bments,

The Preface.

ments, *as above our obligations to attain it, but that when we have acquir'd it into our reach, it will, most infallibly, lift us above the ordinary Predicament of humane Nature, and we shall all become Transcendentals. So that, these great Heroes must be truly great, and endued with all manner of Perfections, and all the Moral Vertues: And their Vices must be either very carefully managed or quite conceal'd: Alexander must have a great deal of deference and veneration paid him, and he must not be expos'd to laughter, tho he should pretend himself to be the By-blow*
INTER Epistolas of a God, rather
Mandi PROCEIUM. than that of honest
King

The Preface

King Philip, which his nown Mother resents most bitterly in a very pathetick Letter to the ungracious Universal Monarch. However, so many Abatements are not to be made, as that Tragedy should swerve from History: It may improve it, but in such a measure, that the discrimination of the real Persons may remain. Tragedy is to glorify them in this Resurrection, but yet they are still to continue the same Individual Men. It wou'd be extreamly ridiculous to draw Tully and Catiline, Cæsar and Cato, Antony and Brutus with the same lines and the same features, tho they liv'd in the very same Age together, and

b 2

the

The Preface.

the same Common-Wealth.

P. 1. And my Author says, that the French excel in works of the Stage, and he may say so with all my Heart, if he will give it me under his hand, that he speaks this in general, or in complement to his own Countrey: For, upon no account can I concede it, if he affirms it with an Allusion to Ours. In which sense and acceptation, we may very well understand him, when he boldly Challenges all the Countries in the Universe to dispute with France the advantage of Tragedy, and immediately subjoins, that he will allow but four or five English Tragedies to be compleat, and these

The Preface.

these neither, unless they were Guelt, and had a great many restraints and alterations made in them. What these four or five are, Sir, I am sorry be hath not nominated, so that we might have impartially examin'd both their Beauties and Imperfections, and compar'd them with as many of the best French pieces. Otherwise we cannot lay hold of him, he speaks at volley and universally; and there is no course to be taken in defence of the English Theatre, but one, which I judge to be very odious, and that is a general comparifon betwixt that and the French.

With this Province, Sir, I
b 3 *am.*

The Preface.

am not much taken, by reason it is my Opinion, wherein I have your concurrence, that 'tis a putrid way of Wit to draw Comparisons in National Concerns, and to make artful and blackening Observations on whole Communities: It almost looks as gross as a similitude in a dying Man's Mouth. I will, therefore, modestly, in our Honour only specify one or two things, wherein our Tragedies do as far exceed the French both for Profit and Diversion (if we may allow any at all in this case) as the Monument surpasses Pancradge-Steeple, both for strength, and height, and Beauty, and, I will leave it to any Rational-man to conjecture at the rest.

The

The Preface.

The French Tragedy bears much resemblance to an Epique Poem, picking out, generally, one or two principal Personages of great Renown in Story, and laying out all its gifts on some certain notable passage and event of their Lives. Therefore it will suffer no more men to come upon the Stage, than what are purely necessary to the adornment and furtherance of that one main-action. And then, the whole intrigue is carry'd on in Rhythme, with tedious Harangues, Dialoguewise; wherein the Actors do as devoutly pay their respects to Honour, as if it was a piece of Religious Worship (as indeed Tragedy, heretofore, bore a

The Preface.

*part in the Heathen Liturgy)
and have the most immortal
occasions upon Earth to speak
fine things, according to Mr.
Bayes's Phrase in the Rehear-
sal*

*Contrarily, we introduce a
manifold and thickening di-
versity of Actions into the
leading designment ; whereas
the French are so very super-
stitious in observing the Sta-
gyrites Rules of purging Pride
and Ambition by shewing, that
no State can secure Mankind
from the Lapses and Reverses
of Fortune, that one wou'd
guess by their Tragedies, that
they had no other vice than
Ambition, nor other Men than
Heroes*

The Preface.

Heroes, as we guess at the Diseases of a Countrey by their Remedies. But on th' other hand we aim at curing not only our soaring Sparkes, Our Nahashes, Our Absoloms; but all such Fools as suffer themselves to be made their Instruments as Our Ziph's by shewing the fatality that attends all those that are engag'd in such impious undertakings. Thus we flow more free and unconfin'd, mixing with the great Plot many little circumstances, by the help of our Episodes. Whereby these considerable advantages fall on our side, that our scenes are not so nauseous,

The Preface.

nor have so many Ambages, as our Neighbours, but the Audience's Mind, meets the more frequently with different Mutations and Prospects; that our Stage has more Persons upon it, which takes off the fatigue of still viewing the same-object, and adds a pickanter vivacity to whatever is spoken. In the last place, we, for the most part, do not use Rhythme; but blank-verse, whereby the Poets minds is left more to it self, and has a fairer and more natural-field, wherein to expatiate, without the necessity of cursing Arabique Customs or Moorish Innovations, which forced a man to spoil a good thought
by

The Preface.

by tagging it with Ting-tong.

Had our Author duely weigh'd these things, he wou'd not, perhaps, have so hardily pronounc'd against the English Buskin, as he has done, especially by way of comparison, when he could not but remember, what that honest-fellow of a Critick Rapin long ago confess of his own Countreymen, that none of them had writ a good Tragedy, nor were ever like to write one. I know by intimation under hand he may oppose against what I have thought fit to say in our behalf, that this variety of Underplots does bring an heap of P. 9. confused-events : But this lies wholly

The Preface.

wholly at the Poets discretion ; he is to answer this Objection, I believe, before he can get his Play acted. They maybe confused, as in a Chaos, rudis indiges-taque moles, while they lye in the Poet's Mind, they may be then like the first matter, without form : But it is the Poet's work ; and, perhaps, one of the greatest Arts of human Wit to unconfound them, to find fit-digressions, and right Ligaments to tye one thing to another, least instead of representing a true State of natural Society, he plunges himself into Hobbs's State of War.

I wight here, indeed, Sir,
par-

The Preface.

particularize in many of our Modern English Tragedies, endued with all the proportions of place, time and such external Regularities, which would prove the most forcible Argument against my Author : But since upon this whole matter, he hath chosen to deliver himself, and to sport in Generals, I have follow'd him but in such a way, that all men of judgement, who have studied the English Stage, will think him out of the way, when he judges thus of it. I must avow, Sir, I have here miss'd an heavenly opportunity of gaining the Amity of some of our Top-Poets : But you know, Sir, what a fierce Nation they are,

(4

The Preface.

(as Boileau calls them) and it is, perchance, as dangerous to praise as to discommend any one of them: And, therefore, I will still put both themselves and their Fortunes upon God and their Countrey.

There is one thing more, which upon this Topick impinges on P. 9. us, that we are wonderfully pleas'd with the sight of barbarous Murthers, that our Stage is an Acheldama, that there we read Eternal Paraphrases upon the third Chapter of Job, and that the more Blood is spilt, the more delight does the audience receive. I will not here alledge the Roman Theatre, wherein were as many Knoxes and Car-gyls,

The Preface.

gyls, *as in the* cirque *of the* Gladiators : *I will only deduce a* Réplication *from the nature of our Stage it self. Our scenes are much fuller than the French, in which I have already glory'd ; and consequently, the Dependents of great Men always partake of their Fates. Now, how can this be thought a piece of Inhumanity (as my Author thinks it) which is daily seen to be Acted in Princes Courts, and upon the true Theatre of the World ? Our shores (we thank God) are not inhospitable, as they were when Horace said,*

Visam Britannos hospitibus
feros.

And

The Preface.

And the French, I am certain, will allow, that the English can readily borrow a great many people, to help fill up these By-plots.

I now pass to Comedy, wherein my Author seems not to take the same measures, as he did in p. 39. Tragedy, that every thing ought to be referr'd to one principal event, However, he declares not his own Opinion in this point, but with many allowances. He will only have it a contest depending on the Genius of the two Nations. He very fairly and justly allows p. 44. Ben. Johnson to be an Excellent Comic Poet, in depicting the several humours and

The Preface.

and manners of men. Yet P. 33
he thinks, our humours are
carried on too far, *which pro-*
ceeds from our too much P. 35.
thinking on the same thing,
and our too long plodding in the
same beaten Tract of Re-action.
I had rather at any time, Sir,
defend than accuse, but by no
means can I omit in this place,
what every body knows, in what
a Lewd condition the French
Comedy is at this day; that (as
my Author confesses) it is mostly
fitch'd from the Spaniards, and
that it is generally (with a few
exceptions) degenerated into
Farce, Puppet-shews, Buf-
foonry, and Apish-tricks:
Whereas the English sally into
new Invention, and keep it up
to

The Preface.

to the same sublimity and splendour, as it held, when Lælius and the Masters of Rome, who had crown'd Heads for their Subjects, writ Comedies to divert the People.

I will not affirm, that we Religiously observe all the Laws, which Kings and Parliaments of Parnassus have Enacted, and tho a Man will hardly miss of Horace's Art of Poetry in the Title-page, that by consequence all the Rules of that Lycurgus are observed in the ensuing Comedy. Tis enough the Prologue does still either Court or Huff the audience to surprize it's good-Opinion : Love goes still on at the old rate,
he

The Preface.

he is still reputed the most ancient of the Gods, ἢ αὐτὰρ δι' ἐκείνον μετὰ χη γένεσθαι (as Plutarch says) all things are made and Providentially dispos'd by him.

*Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem————*

So that tho the Sparks had a perpetual, but a very uneasy Celibacy, till the last Act, yet then from the objective they pass to the formal happiness. And tho (as my Author remarks) the English may surpass the natural Ideas of things, by letting our thoughts dwell too long upon one Object, and rarifying it into vast dimensions, yet if it were

The Preface.

were otherwise, I am perswaded, there cou'd be nothing heard for yawning, all wou'd be cold and chill and beyond the eight Degree. And this reason is to be assign'd, for the continued thickness of the Wit, which sometimes is pil'd up so mountainously thick, that it is impossible to think any man can be suppos'd to speak or answer so, extemperaneously, but upon Study and Premeditation.

But, to consider this thing a little more closely and Philosophically, matters do, perhaps, stand in a much better condition as they are, than if they were intirely conform'd to the precepts of Aristotle and Horace.
Indeed,

The Preface.

Indeed, if none but the great Masters of Poetry, who have a thorough insight into these two Law-givers, came into the Theatre, our Adversaries would say something, but our English Actors nothing at all, unless this, Unus est nobis pro Populo, I mean our Lawreat. I have, oftentimes, apply'd myself in some difficult cases to some particular Men, who pretend to have made this Art their Study: But I have found, they either have not told me their minds sincerely, or else have made ill use of their Pains, seeing, afterwards, I have receiv'd more satisfaction from Persons of ordinary good-sense than these speculative Curiosi.
For

The Preface.

For it is, indisputably, true, that as to the Art of the Stage, nothing is more easy, than for a Man to be deceiv'd in his conceptions, when he will needs peep into it's delicacy and fineness, and little Whimsies: Nothing is more easy than to give a wrong Explanation of Aristotles or Horace's Rules, which are wont to breed as great a disorder and hub-bub in an unapt Brain, as they yield illumination and benefit to a mind, fram'd by nature for these sorts of notices.

We are to consider that Comedy is appointed to please not only the Sir Courtly Nice's in Wit, but all true Souls, whom
Terence

The Preface.

Terence calls the People;
and we have his Affidavit, who
was no Oates, that then it at-
taineth it's end, when it pleases
them. When a Man, Sir of
unblundering sense, that does
not lay claim to one Iota of
Greek or Latin, that never read
(God bless him) either Aristo-
tle or Horace, and that never
yet aspir'd to write a Billet-
doux so much as in his own dear
Mother Tongue; when this Man
shall tell you, that such a Co-
medy pleases him, that he sat
easy and attentive all the while
without ogling the Boxes, and
tho gifted with the Spirit of
Ruffling, be bauk'd the Mas-
ques of his Douceurs, that he
comprehended the Plot very
well,

The Preface.

*well, that he view'd it's turmoils with some disturbance, that afterwards he saw 'em unravell'd with some emotions of joy, that he came from the Play-House in some haſt, or, perhaps, ſtumbled in the way, while he was preparing his memory for his Friends, I ſhould believe the Comedy good, and the teſtimony of this one man ſhou'd be of more comfortable importance and judicious weight with me, than all the petty-reasons of an half-skill'd Play-crafts-man. And I will not go far to prove, if not to demonſtrate this as certain as any Problem in Euclid, at leaſt in an equal, and not in a comparative ſenſe. For, the difference which lyes be-
twixt*

The Preface

twixt a Man of skill, and a Man of no skill, upon this postulatum that there be an equal division of good-sense between them, can never make them to have a different relish of the Comedy. They will be equally pleas'd or displeas'd at the same Play, with this discrimination only, that the Man of skill can tell, why he is pleas'd, or why he is displeas'd, and the Man of just-sense cannot, as having never made it his business to dive into the Art of Poetry.

But, to leave it in suspense, whether all the Aristotelian and Horation Precepts are nicely requisite in the composition

c of

The Preface.

of a Comedy, and not to return back and enquire here, whether the same dispute may be warped also to Tragedy, we can make no manner of question, but that Opera's or pieces of Machine are not subject to their Jurisdiction, but are wholly out of the pale of those two great Men's Territories, since they are of a later date, and owe their original to Florence in Lorenzo de Medici's time or to the Venetians, who (as Mr. Dryden thinks, might gather them up from the Postscript to *Albion* and *Albanus*. wrecks of the Grecian and Roman Theaters, which were adorn'd with Scenes, Musick, Dances, and Machines, especially the Athenian :

The Preface.

an: *Which* polite Commonwealth, tho it was very frugal in every thing else, according to *Mr. Rhymer's* observation, yet did tax and assess themselves, and did expend more out of their publick Exchequer upon the representation of these publick Plays, than all their Wars cost them, tho sometimes both Sea and Land were cover'd with barbarous Foes, by whom they were invaded.

Aristotle, whom all men agree, to have treated of the Stage the first and the best of any Writer, saith, that two things therein are particularly to be observ'd, which are verisimilitude and marvelousness,

The Preface.

lousness, *with this difference, that in Comedy nothing but what retains on verisimilitude is to be admitted, whereas* Preface Ibid. Tragedy doth not refuse the marvellous, or as Mr. Dryden calls it, the surprising conduct. However in this case, great moderation the Philosopher will have used, so that if a Man be forc'd to intermingle things supernatural and so usher in the Gods, it must only be on some pinch of necessity: And this is the sense of that Law and Ordinance of the old Peripatetique Gentleman, which Judge Hales himself cannot interpret more uprightly. From whence we may deduce this Corollary,
that

The Preface.

that Dramatick Poetry is to be thus essentially divided: Comedy ought to have every thing likely and probable, i. e. only natural and ordinary Events; Opera's which are a species, that stand in opposition to the former, must accept only of extraordinary and super-natural Adventures: But Tragedy, like the Aristotelian vertue, is to lye snudging betwixt them both, being compounded of marvellousness and possibility. So that hence we see, the vices and imperfections of a Comedy, are the vertues and beauties of an Opera. Nothing is more wicked in a Comedy than the slipping and alteration of the

The Preface.

Scene: *But nought is so rich and excellent in an Opera as the breaking of all the unities of time, place and action, I mean as the leaps, not only from one place of the Earth, to an other, but from Earth to the Empyrean Heav'n, and from Heav'n to Hell: While the simple Inhabitants of the Lunar Planet little think what work we make with them in Dorset-Garden. In a Comedy, nothing is so unmercifully insupportable, as to ungiggle or explicate the Intrigue by a Miracle, or by the kind arrival of some *Dei à nos mirabilia*: whereas in an Opera nothing is so charmingly ravishing, as these sorts of Miracles and these Appearitions*

The Preface.

paritions of Divinities, when Men have some ground and reason to introduce them.

From this wide distinction betwixt the nature of Comedy and Opera, it may be determin'd, that either my Author did not understand the P. 42. right notion of Operas, when he terms them, ev'n beyond a literal sense, Comedies in Musique, or else he means that P. 45. abused Constitution of them, which he himself derides, when they are compell'd in Musick to negotiate the inferiour and common affairs of civil Life. In this Observation he certainly shakes hands with truth, and I am sure, you, Sir, will

The Preface.

take his side : For I, partly, believe, that should a Man drillingly sing and warble out an errand to his Lacquais, the Fellow might, perhaps, go, but I fancy, he would make more hast to Court than to the place appointed him in his message, that he might be the first to make Friends for his Master's Estate.

I will not here examine my Author's judgment in singing, nor the Preference he gives the French to the Italian Operas, such an attempt being extraneous to my undertaking : But since he damns the very essential constitution of this Theatrical Entertainment

The Preface.

tertainment, notwithstanding the incivility, I think my self engag'd to see him contradicted. And I hope, Sir, that I shall obtain your pardon both for the tediousness and the unpolish'd neglect of this discourse, especially in this part of it, wherein I have so few helps, seeing I do at once plead the cause of Friendship, and, perhaps, of good-sense: For, this portion of the Stage's diversion being but a Novice in our Theatre, and having just receiv'd the Royal Approbation and encouragement, as it would be unmannerly to let any thing slip the Press, that so much as indirectly strikes at the

c 5

desgr.,

The Preface.

design, so it won'd be as severe too, and to the detriment of the Actors, who have been at immense charges in carrying it on, and some of whom of Eminent judgment and sense I am proud to call my Friends.

All the reasons, therefore, which I can find my Author goes upon, in subverting root and branch, the constitutive Principles and foundation of Opera's are two. The first is more general. That it is impossible for the mind of Man to be sincerely pleas'd, when it has so little to do, and that tho, perhaps, it may be at first surpriz'd

The Preface.

*surpriz'd into some delight, -
yet, afterwards, it presently
sinks into it self, and be-
comes tir'd and drooping. The
other is, that he never saw
an Opera, but what to him p. 44.
appear'd foolish and contemp-
tible, either in the disposi-
tion of the subject, or in the
composure of the Verses.*

*In reply to these reasons :
This principle is acknow-
ledg'd as a Basis and Ground-
work in all Arts and Sci-
ences, that those who first
invented them, and gave 'em
all the perfections requisite to
their Frame, Nature and
Constitution, ought to be
the Supream Dictators in
whose*

The Preface.

whose steps, all the following Disciples are to tread : Otherwise, they tread awry. So that, as the Italians did first pitch upon and accomplish in all it's numbers this Entertainment of Operas, whoever undertakes to compose an Opera, must wholly square his measures to their design: This my Critick ought to have consider'd, before he had gone, and committed High-Treason against one of the most establish'd and most famous Laws among Men of Wit, by not having the fear of Authority before his Eyes, and by contriving some new Atheistical Regulations, according to which he would alter

The Preface.

alter the settled Government.

But (it seems) he has reason so to do: No Man of sense can be taken with things, which have no sense in 'em. The mind does not find matter enough in 'em, to employ it self about nothing but noise and fine shews: And the Ludgate-audience, provided they be neither Deaf nor Blind were by Predestination devised to be charm'd with these super-aerial practices: Mighty Scenes and Fustian adorn'd with extravagant Decorations never fail, but operate as certainly as a Devil, a Fool, and a Frier: And what is the effect
of

The Preface.

of all this, *but to be praised by such a Riff-raff is to be condemned.*

*It was said of the Emperor Trajan when he boasted of his Parthian Trophée before the Gods, that he was φειγνόμενος μάλλον ἢ λέγων, and that he regarded a sound of words more than real matter it self: But whether this is liable to be apply'd to Operas, I will leave it to the decision of all judicious men, from the consideration both of what has been already urg'd upon this Topick, and what I shall further add in confutation of the second argument. In the interim, I will
here*

The Preface.

here put the case, that there is nothing to be heard, felt, or understood but a non-sensical sound: Yet, if this sound be truly Harmonical, whether vocal or Instrumental, or both, men will certainly prefer it sometimes before the greatest Embellishments of Wit. Musick, therefore, as well as all other polite Arts has been embrac'd and cherish'd by all the most glorious Nations in the Universe, and has receiv'd it's augmentation proportionable to the augmentations of Empire. I have already particulariz'd in two immortal and commanding Nations, especially the Romans, who not only us'd

The Preface.

us'd it in their Theaters, but in Religious matters on the greatest of all days, when their Carmina seccularia were sung with so much pomp and ostentation, that they were stiled *ἱερὰ ἑστίασμα*, The Hebrews themselves (not to speak of the glittering and incessant use of it in their Temple) did in Solomons time, when that Dominion was elevated to it's highest Akme, and ev'n a note above Ela, had publique times of joy adorn'd with the magnificence of musical performances. And, as

P. cf. to Alb.
and Alban.

Mr. Dryden has remark'd that the first Operas seem'd to be design'd by

The Preface.

by the Italians for the Celebration of Princes Marriages, or days of Universal rejoicing, whereof he gives us an instance in Guarini's Pastor fido ; So the Song of Songs, (as our Learned Church-men long ago express'd it) " is a kind of
" *Divine Pastoral, or Marriage*
" *Play, consisting of di-*
" *vers Acts and Scenes : Or*
" *a sacred Dialogue (by way*
" *of Opera) with many in-*
" *terlocutory passages. First the*
" *Bride comes in, and saith,*
" *Let him kiss me with the*
" *kisses of his Mouth : Then*
" *the Bridegroom, I have com-*
" *par'd thee, O my Love,*
" *to a Troop of Horses, &c.*
" *After which he withdraws*
" *him:-*

The Preface.

*" himself, and sits at his re-
" past, leaving the Bride with
" her Companions, as it were
" alone upon the Stage, who
" thus speak to her, We will
" make thee Borders of Gold
" and Studs of Silver, &c.*

*But to come nearer home,
and to give a tast of our own
times, Balets have ever been in
vogue in France, Spain has
it's Bull-feasts, the Moores
their Zambra's, the Ger-
mans their Wirfschafts, being
pieces compos'd of Mascarades,
Balets, and Songs, the Court
of Savoy it's Sapates, and none
of these Entertainments but
has Musick for an essential
Ingredient.*

Can

The Preface.

Can we, then, think, that Actions, tho long, of Dramatique Musick to be ungrateful, and sure to put the audience to the most hideous Agonies of yawning? Can we suppose the most delicate People, that ever yet liv'd upon Earth to be Sots and heavy Ideots? Can we imagine them to be weary of an happiness of their own contrivance, and to be as great Fools as the Apostate Angels, who were cloy'd with their felicity, and left their own Habitations? Toward a plenary satisfaction and compleat acquiescence of mind, it is necessary, that all the powers of our Souls, be adequately fill'd with Pleasure,

The Preface.

sure, and be rapt up into an
Eternal Enjoyment. There
must be no interfering Acci-
dent, to break it off. The
trance must be ineffable, and
what signifies it, so it be a
Trance, whether it be agree-
able to the Catholick mea-
sures of sense or reason? I
confess, Mr. Cowley says,
that Wit should not be lay'd
too thick, but discreetly ma-
nag'd and scatter'd up and
down: But for my share, I
do not think, this notion is
extensive to the divertise-
ments of the Eye or Ear:
And I fancy a Lady much
more richly dress'd in a Gown
all laid o'er with Jewels, than
with here and there one, nice-
ly scituated. The

The Preface.

*The Thomists will have the fruition of the Divinity to consist solely in an Act of the Understanding, which they call Vision : But the Sco-
tists in an Act of the Will, which is Love : And the Thomists seem to have the better of the argument, because seeing the operation in which our perfectest happiness is founded, must be the perfectest operation, and seeing that of the intellectual is more perfect than that of the sensitive part, it is apparent, that the operation of this fruition must lye in the Intellectual Part only. But tho I question not but that both in th' upshot may be brought to an accommoda-
tion,*

The Preface.

tion, according to the Maximes of the new Philosophy, which holds all sensations not to be realities either in the senses or the objects of them, but to subsist solely in the perception. I say, I do not care, whether the Pleasure springs from either part, provided I have the Pleasure: Tho, perhaps, all that results from Harmony, arises from the Concord, it bears to our Souls, which some have opin'd to be Harmony.

I know, sometimes, our sense of seeing is affected to that degree with the Harmony or Beauty of Colours, and
our

The Preface.

*our hearing with that of
sounds, that some have prov'd
too frail for the enjoyment,
and have become maddish
with the superlative Plea-
sure. And to this cause may
be ascrib'd the extravagant
joys of the Italian Theatre,
where the Composers of the
Musick of the Opera, en-
deavour to end the Scenes of
the principal Actors, with
such Airs as not only draw
the applauses of the whole
Theatre, when Benissimo is
heard from a thousand Mouths
at once, but have sometimes
transported some Gentlemen
besides themselves and their
Wits by the charming voices
of their Young Women, so
that*

The Preface.

that they have cry'd out, while they lean over from their Galleries, Ah Cara! mi Butto, mi Butto, as if they were about to precipitate themselves down in the extasies, into which they were rapt by these divine voices.

This, I think, Sir, enough to offer in contradiction to the first reason of my Critick: The second does without any exception or dispensation condemn every particular Opera, he ever yet saw, both as to the disposal of the main subject, and the composition of the verses; I will not here object to him Lovigis Operas, wherein

The Preface.

wherein he franckly avows, P. 52.
himself hath found inimi-
table things, nor any of the
Illustrious Atchievements in
this kind of the Italian
Masters: I will only bring
our Alb. and Albanus in-
to his consideration, which not
only for the amussitated ma-
nagement of the subject-mat-
ter, and the ingenious con-
trivance of the versification,
but for the great and God-
like Argument, for the He-
roique design of it's Instru-
ction, for the admirable and
sumptuous performance in the
sweetness of the Musick, in the
Harmonique Movements and
Postures, in the richness of
the Habits, and the Beau-
d ty

The Preface.

ty of the Machines and Decorations, we may oppose in competition with any thing, that ever Paris or Venice it self did yet see. Notwithstanding the general design is but as yet in a State of Probation.

The Argument is both according to and beyond the Poets own Heart, both literally true and super-naturally Historical. The miraculous Restauration and Deliverances of the two Royal Brothers, with the Apotheosis of our late Immortal and cherish'd Monarch. The Instruction easie and fresh in our Memories, Treason defeated

The Preface.

defeated *by the Almighty, and his Vice-gerents preserv'd. We are not constrain'd like our Neighbour Nations, to feign Poetical Tales: We have daily new-subjects for Operas set before our Eyes, and we see ours acted first on the true Theatre of the World.*

The conduct sublime, yet no great chasms in it, but such as rather seem to heighten than stint the minds of the audience. The Verses pure, fluent and fill'd with a Cœlestial and Blissful Cadence, nothing in our Language, yet extant, comparable to it. And we can find but one and twenty Apostrophe's (I mean of distinct Woods) through the
d 2 whole

The Preface.

whole Series of the verse.

This was a way of writing, first observ'd and introduc'd by Mr. Waller: And without this, the contrivance of Operas could never stand. And as there is a sweetness in the middle, so is there at the end of the verse, which is chiefly caus'd by the Dissyllable and Trissyllable Rhymes, lately much us'd in our Songs, and borrow'd originally from the Italians. For, it is generally of the Constitutive nature of all Italian verses, of what number of Syllables soever they be, to have the Accent upon the Penultima. There are some, indeed, which they call Sdrucchioli or slippery verses, that lay it upon

The Preface.

upon the Ante-penultima, their final Cadence running swift: Whereof we have many examples in this English Opera, as being naturally Comperible to it's Constitution, as may be prov d by this instance.

○ *The Italians, as they have preserv'd many things of the Latine through their whole Tongue, so have they retain'd a sort of verses, nam'd Sciolti, without Rhyme: Wherein that excellent Traduction of Virgil's Æneis is written by Hannibal Caro, from whom, I am of opinion, Sir, that that great man of your name, whose enlarged Genius, you inherit, separated from the unhappy and fatal ma-*
d 3 *lignitie*

The Preface.

lignities, which belong'd to that Age, took his design. The body of the work consists of Heroique verses of eleven Syllables, but he sometimes mixes the Sdruccioli of twelve, and then principally, when he makes the Gods to speak as in the Sybill's Answer in the Sixth Book.

Verrano i Teucri al regno di Lavinio,
Di ciò t' affido. Ma benstoito deffer vi
Si penteranno. Guerre, guerre horribili
Sor gere ne veggio, & pien di sangue il
Tevere.

As to the performance, I will not inquire whether our English voices are so fine and fit for things of this nature: I will rather suspend my judgment with my Author, remembering, that things cannot at first receive their

The Preface.

their ultimate perfection, qui non est hodiè, cras magis aptus erit; and that there is a strife among Musicians as well as Men of all other Professions:

Kai πῶς πῶς εἴδοι, καὶ αἰδοῖ αἰδοῖ.

I will not strain in commending the vision of the Honours of the Garter, in which we see the Glories of our August Prince with all the lesser Deities about him.

*Divisum Imperium cum Jove
Cæsar habet.*

*Neither will I mention the
Peacock which had the Samii
seen*

The Preface.

*seen (who stamp'd it's Pour-
traiture upon their Coins,
because Juno, to whom it was
dedicated, was by them ado-
red) they would not only have
Worshipped her but the Bird too,
and, perhaps, more the Birds
very Pourtraict. She, indeed, is
appointed by the Poets to con-
vert the Eyes of Argus in the
Peacock's Train : But here the
Spectator does wish for his Eyes
to look upon the Bird it self,
as being as rare a sight, as
when it was first transported
from the Barbarians into
Greece, at which time Ælian
tells us, that among the Atheni-
ans it was not to be seen with-
out Money.*

I will

The Preface.

I will not enlarge, Sir, upon these Occurrences, because they have already betray'd me into a great deal of Pedantry, tho I have made it my scope all along to keep at as great a distance as I could from the Anonymous Translator, who some days ago put forth these Stage Essays. I will say nothing in derogation of his Translation, nor build my own Reputation upon the ruins of another Mans ; But I do not doubt, that if he had ponder'd more, he wou'd have more thoroughly understood his Author, and a little more pains wou'd have better spoke his Acquaintance, with honest Will. Lilly.

And

The Preface.

And now, Sir, I think, I have been sufficiently guilty of the Vice the Greeks call'd ἀπεργαστολογία, as to have try'd to what a degree you stand possess'd of the great vertues of perseverance and long-suffering, so as that it's high time to make an end, least I be gear'd with questo non fa la storia intiera, perche non gli fu insegnata la fine. Wherefore I shall leave all I had to say about Epicurus, to my Annotations: It being an infinite work to dispute concerning summum bonum, of which Socrates affirms in his Ecclesiastical History, there were three hundred several Opinions. This is all I have to add, that
Epicurus

The Preface.

*Epicurus had a Garden, and
in that Garden stood a Tree of
Knowledge : But in the Bark
of it was writ, by some Lycur-
gus or other, a Noli me tan-
gere.*

I am,

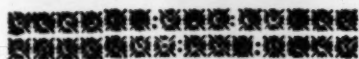
Sir,

Your Most Humble,
Most Affectionate,
Most Obligated Servant.

F. S P E N C E.

ERRATA.

PAge 43. line 9. *delectatur a*, p. 48. l. 2. read *made*, p. 63. l. 1. *del. no doubt*, p. 69. l. 18. r. *calumniate*, p. 77. l. 6. r. *with which*, p. 79. l. 10. for *than is there*, r. *there can*, p. 83. l. 23. r. *since*, p. 89. l. 8. r. *innocent*, p. 90. l. 18. r. *cotten*, p. 39. l. 10. r. *twinges and pinches*, p. 97. l. 2. for *then*, r. *thee*, *ibid.* l. 12. r. *Raines*, p. 98 l. 11. for *ten*, r. *a*, *ib.* l. 22. r. *laudable*, p. 99. l. 3. r. *contravible*, p. 104. l. 18. r. *be became*, p. 135. l. 16. r. *Tergilinus*, p. 113. l. 20. r. *Thyestes*, p. 115. l. 1. r. *horrid*, *ib.* l. 11. r. *Alcmeon*, p. 118. l. 19. r. *that the it*, &c. p. 123. l. 2. r. *an*, p. 129. l. 12. r. *ist* ? p. 130. l. 6. r. *ruinate*, p. 131. l. 24. for *theirs*, r. *other's*, p. 133. l. 8. r. *ber*, *ib.* l. 9. r. *Filt*, p. 136. l. 1. r. *Camillus*, *ib.* l. 12. r. *ere*, *ib.* l. 14. for *bring*, r. *is*, p. 141. l. 1. r. *starry*, p. 144 l. 11. for *bate*, r. *cal*, p. 145. l. 7. r. *sublimi*, p. 146. l. 10. r. *sparkling*, p. 155. l. 4. r. *thee*. *These are the material Errours, which have escap'd the Press, except some few Literal ones, the Principal whereof I leave to be corrected by the Reader, in page 102, 106, 114, 115, 117, and 140.*



MISCELAN Y DISCOURSE S.

§ OF TRAGED Y.

IT is my Opinion, that the *French* excel in *Works* of the *Theatre*; and I believe, I shou'd not flatter *Cornelle*, if to many of his *Tragedies* I gave the *Prebeminence* over those of *Antiquity*. I know, the *Antient* *Tragic* Poets have had *Admirers* in all Ages; but I question whether this *Loftiness*, both of *Place* and *Wit*, ascrib'd 'em by these *Admirers*, has any *solid foundation*.

To make us believe that *Sophocles* and *Euripides* are as admirable,
B rable,

able, as they tell us, we must fancy many *more* things in their own Works, than what we can learn from their *Translators*, and in my mind, the words and *Language* must claim a considerable portion in their *Beauty*.

Through the *Praises* of their most *Renowned*, and most *Partial* Adorers, (methinks) I see, and perceive, that *Grandeur*, *Magnificence*, and chiefly *Dignity*, were things very little known by 'em: They were a parcel of Good *Wits* coop'd up in a narrow Family of a small *Common-wealth*, to whom a *Necessitous Liberty* serv'd instead of all manner of *Things*.

Put 'em upon representing the *Majesty* of a great *Monarch*, they knew not scarcely how to enter on such an *unknown Grandeur*: Their *Senses* were so us'd and assubjected to base and mean *Objects*, that they could hardly avoid them.

'Tis true, these *Wits*, distasting
such

such Objects, sometimes *heav'd*
*'em*selfes up to something *won-*
derful and *sublime* : but then, they
 wou'd be ever bringing so many
Gods and *Goddeſſes* into their *Tra-*
gedies, that a man could meet with
 nothing *Mortal* or *Humane* in
'em : What was *Great*, was *Fa-*
bulous ; what was *Natural*, was
Poor and *crawling*.

In *Corneille*, *Height* and *Gran-*
dour is known by it ſelf : The
Figures, he uſes, are *handſom*, when
 he has a mind to *trim* it with ſome
Ornament ; but generally , he
 neglects thoſe *extravagant Sallies*,
 and goes not o' *hunting* in the
Heavens for ſomething to *ſet off*
 that which is already *conſiderable*
 enough on *Earth* : He thinks it
 ſufficient to make a *right entrance*
 into things ; and the *full* and *juſt*
Image , he gives us , of them ,
 makes that *true Impreſſion*, which
 Men of *good ſenſe* love to receive.

In effect, moſt *admirable* every
 B 2 where

where is *Nature*: And when Men have recourse to that *strange* and borrowed *Splendor*, where-with they think to *embellish* Objects, 'tis frequently a *tacit Confession*, that they do not know their *Propriety* and true *Nature*. Hence proceed the greatest part of *Our Figures* and *Comparisons*, which I cannot approve of, unless they come very *seldom*, unless they be altogether *noble*, and altogether *just*: Otherwise, by this *subtile dexterity*, they seek a *diversion*, to turn a Man's thoughts away from the *things*, which *themselves* do not *understand*. Yet what-ever Beauty *simile's* may have, they *agree* much better with an *Epic Poem* than a *Tragedy*. In an *Epic Poem* the *mind* seeks its *Divertisement* out of the *main Subject*; but, in a *Tragedy*, the *Soul* being *full* of thought, and crowded with *Passion*, does not *easily* move at the meer *glittering* of a *Similitude*. To

To return to those *Antients*, from whom our Discourse has insensibly strayed, and that we may do 'em Justice, we must confess, that they have *succeeded* much better in *expressing* the *Qualities* of their *Heroes*, than in describing the *Magnificence* of great *Kings*. A *confus'd Idea*, of the Glories of *Babylon*, did rather *spoil* than *exalt* their *Imagination*: But their *Wit* could not commit any *mistake* as to *Strength*, *Constancy*, *Justice* and *Wisdom*, whereof they had evermore *Examples* before their Eyes. Their sense being disengag'd from *Pride*, in a *mean* sort of *Common-wealth*, left their *Reason* more *free* to consider *Men* by *themselves*.

Thus nothing *diverted* them from studying *Humane* Nature, from applying their minds to the *Knowledge* of *Vices* and *Vertues*, of *Genius's* and *inclinations*. By this means, they learnt to frame their

Characters so well, that a man cannot wish 'em to be more *just* according to the age, wherein they liv'd. Tho we may be satisfi'd with *knowing* persons by their *Actions*, yet *Corneille* did beleive, it was *not* enough to make them *Act*, he went to the very *bottom* of their *Souls*, to find out the *Principle* of their actions, he descended into their hearts, to see the *passions* form'd, and to *discover* what was most *hidden* in their *Motions*.

As for the *antient* *Tragique* Poets, either they *neglect* the *passions*, to keep *closer* to the *exact representation* of *Passages*, or else they bring in *grave Talkers*, even in the midst of *pinches* and *perturbations*, and will tell you *starch'd Sentences*, when you are to expect *Despair* and *Trouble*.

Corneille robs us of nothing of what *passes*, but brings every *Action*

Action into view as far as *Decency* permits: Yet still, to his *Thought*, he gives all the extent it requires, conducting *Nature* without perplexing or abandoning it too much to it self.

What ever was *barbarous*, he has prun'd off from the *Antient Theatre*: He has mollifi'd the *horror* of its scene, by certain *tendernesses* of *Love* judiciously distributed: But he has taken no less care, to keep up our fear and our poy in his *Tragical Subjects*, not diverting the *Soul* from those *true Passions*, which it shou'd feel, to those *little troublesome Sighs* which, tho' varied a hundred times, never cease being always the same.

What *Praises* soever I give this *Excellent Author*, I do not say, that his pieces are the only, that deserve *applause* upon the *French Theatre*. The *French* have been taken with *Alcyone*, *So-*

phonisba, Mariamne, Stilicon, Andromache, Britannicus, and many others, whose goodness I do not pretend to disparage, by not naming them.

I avoid, as much as possible, being *disgraceful*; and I shall think it sufficient to say, that never any Nation could dispute with [ours] the *advantage* of excelling in Tragedies.

As to those of the *Italians*, they are hardly worth mentioning; to name 'em only is enough to elog a Man: Their *Feast of Peter* would kill the *patientest* Soul upon Earth, 'tis so tiresome; and never did I see it, but I wilt the *Author* of that Piece *Thunder-stricken* with his *Atheist*.

There are four or five *English* Tragedies where, in good truth, many things ought to be re-trench'd; and with this Curtailing they wou'd be render'd altogether exact and compleat.

In

In all the rest you can see nothing but matter without form and digestion, an heap of confused events : And without consideration of places or times, without any regard to decency, their cruel Eyes delight to see Blood and Wounds and most direful Murthers.

Of *these* things to take away the horror, by *Recitals* and by telling Stories, as is us'd in *France*, this is to rob the People of the sight of what affects 'em most.

Men of sense do disallow of this Custom, establisht perchance on no very civil and humane sense in the Minds of Men : but it is an Antient Habit and way, wherein the *Nations* Tast in general takes place over the delicacy of particular Persons.

To die is so trivial a thing among the *English*, that to move them there is need of Ideas and Images more dreadful than death

it self: Upon which account the *French* do reproach 'em for *allowing* too much to their *senses* in the Theatre. On the other hand the *French* must take that *twisting* very kindly from them, in that they pass into the *other extremity*, when they *admire* such Tragedies, as have *little fine softnesses*, which make *no* very *strong* Impression upon the mind. Sometimes their Hearts, being very ill satisfied with a *tenderness*, which has been *ill-formed*, they seek for a *further* emotion in the *acting* of the *Players*. Sometimes they will have the *Actor* be more *transported* than the *Poet*, and *lend* some *fury* and *despair* to a *mean agitation* and *too common a grief*.

In a word, that which ought to be *tender*, is only *sweet*; what is to *Create pity*, only causes *tenderness*: A *meer emotion* serves instead of a *seizure*, and *Astonishment of Horror*.

Something

Something, that is profound and searching, is wanting to our *Sentiments*: And the *Passion*, being toucht but by halves, excites only imperfect motions in our *Souls*, which do neither leave them in their proper seat, nor yet raise 'em up above themselves.

OF COMEDY.

AS to Comedy, which ought to represent *Life* in ordinary, and common *Conuersation*, the *French* have altogether wheel'd it upon *Galantry* in imitation of the *Spaniards*, not considering, that the *Ancients* made it their whole business to represent *Humane Life* according to the diversity of *Humors*; and that the *Spaniards*, to follow their own proper bent and *Genius*, have only describ'd and painted out the *Life*, that is lead

at Madrid in their *Intrigues* and *Adventures*.

I confess *this* sort of work, among the *Antients*, might have had a much more *Noble Air*, and more *Gallant*: But this was rather the *fault* of those *Ages* than the fault of those *Authors*. Now-a-days the greater part of our *Poets* are as little acquainted with the *manners*, as they in those times knew what *Galantry* was. You wou'd swear, there are no more Covetous Rogues now living, no more spend-thrifts, no more good natur'd Men, of an humor fit for Society, no more People naturally peevish, gloomy, and austere; as if *Madam Nature* was chang'd, and *Men* had worn out these *several Impressions*. Now under the very *same Character* they are all represented, whereof I know no reason, unless it be this, that the *Women* in our *daies* have found it very *seasonable*,
that

that there ought to be *no Creatures* but *Galants* in the World.

I must acknowledge, that the *Madrid-Wits* are much more fruitful in *Invention* than the *French Sparks*: For which reason, the *Latter* have fetch't thence the greatest part of their *Subjects*, which they have crowded with *amorous* or tender *Discourses*, and wherein they have put more *Regularity* and *likely-hood*. The cause is, for that in *Spain*, where the *women* are *seldom* or *never* seen, the *Poet's* *imagination* is spent in *ingenious* waies to bring the *Lovers* together into the *same* place; whereas in *France*, where a free liberty of *Commerce* is settled, the *Author's* greatest delicacy is employ'd in the *tender* and lovely expressions of *Thoughts*.

'Tis not long since [let me see] a *Lady* of *Quality*, in *Spain*, read the *Romance* of *Cleopatra*: And happening, after a long narration

ration of *Adventures*, to fall upon a very curious and nice conversation, betwixt a *Lover* and his *Mistress*, that had an equal passion one for the other: *God bless me*, saies she! *What a World of wit is here ill employ'd? What signify all these fine discourses, when they are got both together?* The pleasantest *Reflexion* was this, that ever I heard in all my *Life*: And *Calprenet*, tho a *French-man*, ought to have remember'd, that, to *Lovers* born under a *Sun* much hotter then that of *Spain*, *Words* were very useless on such occasions: But this *Ladies* good sense would never be receiv'd in the *Ordinary Galantries* among the *French*, where a man may speak a thousand times of a *passion*, before he can be once believ'd, and be whole years making complaints, before he can meet with the happy minute of putting a period to his torment.

Moliere's

Moliere's Coy Lady is made a ridiculous Character in the thing it self, as well as in the *Terms*, to be loath to take the *Roman* by the tail, when he is about treating the serious affair of *Marriage* with her *Parents*: But it had not been a false delicacy with a *Galant*, to expect his *Declaration*, and what-ever comes by degrees, in a procedure of *Galantry*.

As for *Regularity* and *Verisimilitude*, 'tis no wonder, we meet with 'em less among the *Spaniards*, than among the *French*: As all the *Spanish* *Galantry* came from the *Moors*, there still remains in't some relish of *Africa*, unknown to other nations, and too extraordinary to be accommodated to the exactness of *Rules*.

To this add, that an old impression of *Knight-errantry*, which has the ascendant over all *Spain*, does bias the minds of the *Cavaliers*

ers to mighty *silly* adventures. The *Young Ladies*, on their parts, in their very *child-hood*, draw in this *Air* from the books of *Chivalry*, & the fabulous *prattle* of the *old women* about them. So that with the same Ideas do *both the Sexes* fill their minds: And generally, the Men and Women look upon the *scruple* of an amorous extravagance as a *pitiful coldness*, unworthy of their *passion*.

Though *Love*, in *no Countrey* what-ever, takes very good and accurate measures, yet still this I will say, that it hath nothing very extravagant in *France*, either in the *manner* of it's making, or in the ordinary events, which it produces. That, which is call'd a true passion, has much adoe to preserve it self from being Laughed at: For the *People of Quality*, being engaged in several cares and employs, never devote their thoughts to it, as the *Spaniards* do

do amidst the † *inglorious ease* of
Madrid, where no *motion* is but
 what proceeds from *Love*.

† *Is the French Inutilité, which I render in*
Virgil's Language, Ignobile Otium. Georg.
lib. 4.

At *Paris*, the continual hurry
 of the *Court* ties men up to the
 Function of a *charge*, or else the
 design of an *employment* keeps
 them awake, *fortune* prevailing
 over the *Mistress* in a place, where
 the Custom is for a man to prefer
 what is his *interest* before what
 he *Loves*: And the *Ladies*, who
 are to regulate 'emselves accord-
 ingly, have more *Galantry* than
 passion, and besides do make use
 of their *Galantry* to dive into
Intrigues.

Very few are there but are
 sway'd by vanity and *interest* and
 so the concerns jogg on the better
 o' both sides, they interchangeably
 make use o' one of the other,
 they

they of their *Galants*, and their *Galants* of *them*, to get their own ends.

Love never fails of intruding into the *Company* of this *Interest*, but he seldom becomes it's *Head* or *Master*. For the *conduct*, which Men are oblig'd to keep in their *Affairs*, does adapt and fashion 'em to some *regularity* in their *Pleasures*, or at least *distances* them from any *Extravagant Actions*.

In *Spain* to *Live*, is to *Love*: What *they* call *Love* in *France*, is only to talk of *Love* [in propriety of speaking] and to mix vain *Galantries* with the sentiments of *Ambition*.

These differences being considered, no Man can think it strange, that the *Spanish Comedy*, which is nothing else but the representation of their *Adventures*, shou'd have as little *regularity* as the *Adventures* themselves; nor
any

any more can be admire, that the Comedy among the *French*, which does not stray from their Usages, shou'd keep up those Respects in the representation of their Amours, as they commonly keep in the Amours themselves. I confess, good sense, which ought to be a Native of all Countreys in the World, does establish certain things, which in no part can be withal dispensed. Yet it's an hard matter, o' my word, not to allow much to Custom; since Aristotle himself, in his *Art of Poetry*, sometimes places Perfection in what was believ'd and thought better at *Athens*, and not in what was really the most perfect.

Comedy hath no more Privilege then the *Laws*, which ought all to be founded upon Justice, yet nevertheless have particular discriminations according to the different Genius of the People, that make them. And if a Man
be

be obliged to preserve the Air of *Antiquity*, if he is to keep up the *Character* of *Hero's*, that are dead two thousand years since, when he represents 'em upon the Stage, how can he *not* follow the humors, and fit himself to the *manners* of those *now alive*, when he represents to their Eyes that which they do every day themselves?

Yet what Authority soever *Custom* is pleas'd to assume, yet undoubtedly *reason* holds the *Primary Rights*; but its *exactness* ought not to be *harsh* and rigid. For, in *things* designed purely for *Pleasure*, as *Comedy* is, it is unkind and troublesome to enslave a Man to an *austere* order, and to begin with the *Rack* in *Subjects*, where we only seek for *diversion*.

§ Of the *Italian* COMEDY.

YOU have heard what I had to say of the *French* and the *Spanish* Comedy : I shall now tell you my *Thoughts* of the *Italian*. I shall not speak of *Amyntas*, *Pastor Fido*, *Phyllis*, *Cyrus*, and other Comedies of the like Nature. A Man must understand the *graces* of the *Italian* Tongue a great deal better than I do : for, tho I am charm'd with *Amyntas* perhaps more than any *Italian*, 'tis because I make a *thorough* passage into the Poets *mind*, and apprehend the *things* more *sharply* than the *Verses*. On the other hand, in this discourse I design to speak of Comedy, as it is *ordinarily* seen upon the Stage. That which is *shewn* up and down in *France*, of the *Italian* Theatre, is not properly

perly Comedy, since it has no true Platform; the subject has no ligament to tie the parts together; nothing of Character is well kept, nor of Composition, whereby an happy wit is well guided, at least according to some rules of art: But it is only a kind of ill-manag'd consort among many Actors, where every body supplies and provides of himself, what he judges fit for his proper Person: 'Tis (in short and to speak my mind) a medly and heap of impertinent Tuneable Words in the mouths of Inamorato's, and cursedly foolish Buffooneries in those of Zanis.

You can see nothing of true Judgment any where, but false wit, which reigns either in very heavenly-minded thoughts, as Suns, Stars and Elements, or in an affectation of Nativeness and plain-dealing, that has nothing of true nature.

I confess the *Buffoons* are *imitable*: and among the hundreds of *Imitators* or *Posturers* [if I may use such a word] that I have seen, there has not one come near resembling them in their *Grimaces*, their *motions*, their *agility*, their *Feats* of *Activity*, their disposition to *change* their *Faces* as they please. I know not whether the *Mimi* and *Pantomimi* among the *Antients* had any great *Advantage* over them; tho we read very *wondrous* things of 'em. 'Tis certain a Man must *love* such *waggish* jesting and *unhappy* Memento to be really affected with what he hears. He must also be of a very *grave* and *composed* humor, not to *laugh* at what he sees: And 'twould be *atoo-too-much* affected *moroseness*, not to be pleased at their *Acting*, tho a Man of a *delicate Ear* would not take any pleasure in their *discourse*.

All

All *representations*, wherein *Wit* bears no share, are *troublesome* at the long-run, but yet they fail not to *surprize* and be agreeable sometime before they grow troublesome, as *Buffoons* divert a *Man of sense* only by *whiles* and *interims*. The *Art* is to put a *stop* to it in due time, and not allow the *mind* space to return to the *justness* of thinking and *discourse*, and to the Idea of *un-hypocritical Nature*. This *Oeconomy*, as it is *desiderated*, so is to be desired and *wisht* for in the *Italian Comedy*: For the *first distast* is follow'd by a *new trouble* much more wearisom; and the *Variety* instead of *refreshing* you, brings only a new sort of *Drooping*.

In few words, when you have been most *unmercifully* tired with the *Buffoons*, that have staid too long on the *Stage*, to compleat your ruin the *Amorous* hot-spurs appear: This, in my opinion, is the

the last and *utroque* Punishment that can be inflicted on a *judging* Person ; and a Man wou'd have greater reason to prefer *ready* and immediate *death* to the *patience* of *hearing* them out, than *Boccaliny's* *Lacedemonian* had, when he preferr'd the *Gibbet* before that *long* and tedious *Reading the War of Pisa*, in *Guicciardin's History*. If some one, that is *overfond* of *Life* can *weather-out* so mortal a *Lassitude*, instead of *recovering* himself by some *pleasurable* diversion, he finds no *change*, but presently meets with another *dreadful bus'ness*, which makes him *despair*, and think of nothing but a *State of Separation*, and that is *the Doctor*. To describe well the folly of a *Doctor*, I know, it must be done in such sort, that he turns all his *discourse* and *Conversation* upon the *science*, wherewith he is *possess'd* [even in the *worst* sense

sense of the word ;] and that he never answer to what is said to him, but quote a Thousand Authors, and alledge a Thousand Passages with such a nimbleness of Tongue, as shall put him out of breath : This is to introduce a fool on the Stage, that ought to be chain'd up in *Bethlehem*, and not rightly to manage the *Impertinence* of a Doctor.

Petronius has taken quite another way in his ridiculing *Eumolpus*. The Pedantry of *Sidias* is otherwise handled by *Theophilus*, to whom the Praise is due of knowing how to form the most Accomplish'd character, that is bestow'd upon this sort of Pedants. That of *Charisides* in *Moliere's Facheux* is altogether just : Nothing, can be taken from it without disfiguring the Picture. And these are the Learnedly-ridiculous Creatures, whose representation would please the *Par.* But

But 'tis a bad divertisement to a Man of sense, this, to bring him a *Wretched Doctor*, whom *Books* have made a fool, and who ought very *carefully* to be lockt up (as I said) lest the World should see the *weak* and *mean* estate of *Mans* Condition, and the Misery of humane nature.

Now, that I may not stretch too far my *Observations* on the *Italian* Comedy, and to sum up all, I have display'd, in a few words; I say that, instead of agreeable *Lovers*, you have only *affected discourses* about Love; instead of *natural* Comedians, *incomparable* Buffoons, but *always* Buffoons; and instead of *ridiculous* Doctors, poor little *Insensate* School-masters. Not one *Person* is there, but is clearly *over-done*; that of *Pantalon* only excepted, who is the *least* taken notice of in the Play, and yet the *only thing*, that does

not out go the *veri-simile*.

Tragedy was the first pleasure of the *Ancient Republick*; and the old *Romans*, being Masters only of a severe and *stern Vertue*, went to the *Theatre* with no other design than to *fortify* their natural courage, and to *acquire* and entertain *rugged* and austere *Habitudes* of Mind. When they began to add a *sweetness* of Wit in *Conversation* to a force and *Vigor* of Soul in great things; they also took a *delight* in Comedy, and sometimes would have *strong Ideas* set before their Eyes, and sometimes divert 'emselves in *pleasing Impressions*.

As soon as *Rome* came to be corrupted, the *Romans* quitted *Tragedy*, and could not endure to behold any Image of the *Ancient Vertue*, [or *Valour*, for *Vertue* signifies nothing else,] on the Stage.

From those days to the *last* of
the

the Common-wealth , *Comedy* was the Recreation of *Great Men*, the divertisement of *Polite Persons*, and the amusement of a *People* either *Remiss* or *Soft'ned*.

A little before the *Civil War*, the *Spirit of Tragedy* began to animate the *Romans*, by a secret disposition of a *Genius*, that prepar'd 'em for the dreadful *Revolutions* happening afterwards. *Caesar* wrote one, and many *Persons* of *Quality* wrote some likewise : But the *disorders* being calmed under *Augustus*, and *Peace* and tranquillity *Re-established*, *Pleasure* was the only thing, they hunted after.

Then came *Comedies* into Play again, the *Pantomimes* were Men in vogue and credit ; and *Tragedy* made a shift to keep up her *Reputation*. Under *Nero's* Reign, *Seneca* imbib'd fatal *Ideas*, which made him compose the *Tragedies*

C 3

that

that he has left us : And when corruption was in full Sway, and Vice general and *A-la-mode*, the *Pantomimes* did utterly destroy both Tragedy and Comedy. No longer now had *Wis* any part in the *Stage-representations*, and only the *sight* did seek, in *Postures* and motions, that which might imprint *Voluptuous Phantasms* on the Soul of the *Spectators*.

At this day the *Italians* bless 'emselfes for being shone upon by the same Sun, for breathing the same Air, and inhabiting the same good Land, that the old *Romans* dwelt in heretofore : But they have e'en very wisely left that wicked rigid *Virtue* of those *Romans* to their Histories, and have believ'd, that they (*good Men*) have no need of *Tragedy*, to encourage them to those difficult things, which they have no mind to do. As they love the indulgent com-
forts

forts of an ordinary and *un-fight-
ing* life, and the pleasures of a
Voluptuous one, they desire to
form such representations, as a-
gree both with the one and the o-
ther : And this was the *Origine*
of the *mixture* of *Comedy* and the
Pantomimick Art together, which
we see in the *Italian Theater*.

All the *Actors*, that play now,
are generally very *excellent*, even
those that play an *amorous part* :
And not to do them an *injury*, a-
ny more than shew them any fa-
vour, I will say, they are very
good *Actors*, but have very bad
Comedies ; and perhaps they cou'd
make good ones, and perhaps
they have *reason* not to make such.
And one day telling *Cintio*, in a
flurring way, that there was not
Veri-similitude enough in their
Pieces, he answer'd me, that,
if there were more, I should soon see
my good *Comedians* dye o' *Famine*

with their good Comedies.

§ Of the *English* COMEDY.

THere is no Comedy more conformable to that of the *Antients*, than the *English*, in what respects the manners. It is not pure and sincere Galantry full of *Adventures* and *amorous discourses*, as in *Spain* and *France*; but the representation of humane life in common, according to the diversity of Humors, and several Characters of Men. 'Tis an *Alchymist* who, by the illusions of his Art, entertains the deceitful hopes of a vain *curioso*: 'Tis a simple and Credulous Person, whose foolish easiness is eternally abus'd: 'Tis sometimes a ridiculous *Politician*, Grave, starcht, and compos'd; who plucks up his Shoulders

ers, and pinks with his Eyes at every thing, being most mysteriously suspicious; and who fancies he can find designs hidden in the most common Intentions, and thinks to discover Artifice in the most innocent actions of Life : 'Tis a foolish *Lover*, a false *Bra-vo*, an unthinking *great Clerk*, the one with his *natural Extravagancies*, and the other with his ridiculous *Affectations*. Indeed these *Cheats*, these *simpletons*, this *Polititian*, with the other Characters, being *ingeniously* form'd, are carried on too far according to *Frenchmen's* Opinions, as thole of the *French Theater* lye somewhat heavy on the *Stomach* of an *Englishman*. And the reason hereof is, perhaps, that the *English* think too much, and most commonly the *French* think not enough.

In effect, the *French* content
 C 5 'emselves

themselves with the *first Images* received from *Objects* : And to stop them at the meer *Out-sides* of things, an *appearance* almost always serves instead of *truth* ; and what is *easy*, for that which is *natural*. And here I shall say, upon the by, that these two *last Qualities* are sometimes confounded together very ill to the purpose. What is *easy*, and what's *natural*, agree sufficiently in their *opposition* to what is *hard* or *forc'd* : But when the *French* go about to dive into the nature of things, or the natural disposition of *Persons*, every *Man* will confess, that they do *not* always *easily* attain their *end* : There is some *Internal* thing, something *bidden*, which they would discover, if they wou'd *plumb* matters a little deeper. In as much *difficult* as it is for the *French* to enter things, so much *hard* a bus'ness do the
English

English find it to get out: They never leave off thinking, till they become *Masters* of the thing on which they think; and when they comprehend their subject, they dig still, where *nothing* is to be found, and surpass the just and *natural Idea*, which they ought to have, by an *over-profound* inquiry.

To speak the truth, I never met with *people* of better understanding than the *French*, who give attention to consider, and the *English*, that can break off, from their too great *Meditations*, to return to an easiness of discourse and a certain *Liberty* of *Mind*, which we ought always, if it be possible, to enjoy. *Men* of the best sense in the *World* are the *French* that think, and the *English* that speak. I am insensibly casting my self into too general considerations, and therefore shall resume my subject concerning *Comedy* again, and
pass

pass to a considerable *distinction* and difference betwixt the *English* and *French* sock: And that is, that the *French*, being tyed up to the *regularity* of the *Ancients*, refer all to one *principal action*, without any other diversity, than that of the *means*, whereby they think to bring it about.

We are all to agree in this point, that one principal event ought to be the only *scope* and end of the Representation in a *Tragedy*, wherein the *mind* wou'd suffer some *violence* in such *divertings*, as would turn its thoughts aside.

The *misfortunes* of a miserable *King*, the fatal and *tragical* death of a great *Heroe*, hold the Soul strongly chain'd up to these *important* Objects; and instead of all the *variety* in the World it is satisfi'd with knowing the different *means* that lead to this *principal action*. But *Comedy*, being made

made to divert us, and not wholly to seize us, provided that *likelihood* be kept and *Extravagance* avoided, in the opinion of the *English*, the *diversities* are pleasing *surprizes* and agreeable Alterations; whereas the continual expectation of the *same* thing, wherein nothing of *importance* can be conceiv'd, must necessarily create a *faintness* in our attention.

So that, instead of representing an eminent and signal *Imposture* carryed on by means that refer all to the same end, they represent a *Famous Cheat* with his *hundred* several *tricks*, every one of which produces its *particular effect* according to its proper *Constitution*. As they almost always renounce *Unity of Action* to represent a *principal Person*, who diverts 'em with *different Actions*; so they likewise forsake this *Principal Person*,

Person, to let you take a prospect *diverse* ways of what happens in *publick* places to *many* Persons: *Ben. Johnson* has taken this course in his *Bartholomew Fair*: The same thing we see in *Epsoam Wells*: And in *both* Comedies are comically represented the ridiculous passages in both those places.

There are other Pieces, where (as it were) a *couple* of Subjects do so ingeniously *commix* one with the other, as that the *mind* of the *audience* (which might be wounded by an over-sensible change) finds nothing but *pleasure* in that diverting *Variety*, which they produce. We must confess, that this is not according to *Law* and *Rule*: But the *English* are persuaded, that the *Liberties*, which are allowed for the greater *Pleasure*, ought to be *prefer'd* before such *exact* Rules, as every *barren* and *sleepy Author* can make an *Art*
of

of plaguing others withal.

To avoid *confusion*, we ought to observe Rules and *directions*, and to follow true judgment and *good sense*, which may allay the heat of an *inflamed* imagination : Yet we are to *undress* those Rules of all *tormenting* constraint, and to banish a *scrupulous reason*, which thorough too close embracing of justness, leaves nothing free and *natural* behind it.

Those whom *Nature* has sent into the World without a *Genius*, being never able to give it to themselves, allow *all* to *Art* which they can *acquire*: and, that their *servile observation* of *regularity* may not go without its due merit, they never forget to decry a *work*, which is not perfect *cap-a-pe*. As for those that love *ridiculing*; that take a pleasure in *spying* the blind sides of the *black Eyes* of the Town; that are delighted

lighted with *true Characters*; they will find the *English Comedies* excellent and right for their *taste* and *purpose*, as far, and (it may be) more than any they have ever seen.

The *French Moliere*, into whom the *Ancients* inspir'd the *true Spirit* of *Comedy*, equals their *Ben. Johnson* in admirably representing the several *humors* and different *manners* of Men, both of them in their *respective* paintings, keeping a *just regard* to the *genius* of their Nation. I shou'd believe that, in this point, they were as much out, as the *Antients*: But we cannot deny, but that they had more regard to the *Characters* than the *main subjects*, whose successive *Inferences* also might have been better *tyed* together, and the laying 'em out *naked* much more *natural*.

§ OF OPERA'S,

Written to his Grace

The Duke of Buckingham.

IT's a long time, MY LORD,
since I have had a desire to
tell you my *Opinion* concerning
Opera's, and to write to you a-
bout the *difference*, which I find
betwixt the manner of *singing*
among the *Italians*, and that a-
mong the *French*.

The *occasion*, that I had to
speak of it, in company with
Madam the *Dutchess* of *Maza-*
rine, has rather *encreas'd* than
satisfi'd that *desire*: Which I
now do at length satisfy, in this
Discourse, which I here send
you, *My Lord*.

I will begin with great *Freedom*, and tell you, that I do *not* much admire *Comedies* in *Musick*, such as we see 'em at *present*. I confess, their *Magnificence* abundantly *pleases* me, and the *Machines* carry a great deal of *surprize*; the *Musick* at certain *times* is very moving, and the *whole thing* taken together appears almost *Miraculous*: *But* we must likewise confess, that these *Miracles* and *wonders* are very *troublesom*; because where the *mind* has so little to do, there is an unavoidable *necessity*, that the *senses* will fall a *languishing*. After the *first pleasure* of the *surprize*, the *Eyes* are busily employ'd, and afterwards are continually *fixt* upon some objects. At the *beginning* of the *consorts*, the *Fustness* of *Accords* is *observ'd*, and there escapes nothing of all the *diversities*, which concurs not to *make up* the

the sweetness of *Harmony*: But sometime after, the *Instruments* deafen us, and the *Musick* is nothing to our ears but a *confused* Noise, where nought can be distinguish'd: Now, who can resist the tediousness of a *Recitative* in a modulation, which has neither the charm of a *Singing*, nor the pleasant force of *Speech*? The *Soul*, being wearied out with long *Attention*, where it can find nothing to *think* on, looks after some *secret* motion in it self, that may affect it: The *mind*, that is vainly *wrg'd* upon by impressions from *without*, lets it self fly at *Rovers*, or else is *dissatisfi'd* with its own *Impertinence*: In brief, the *Tiresomeness* is so great, that a man dreams of nothing but going out, and the only pleasure, remaining to the drooping Spectators, is the hopes to see the *show* done very soon. The ordinary

dinary droufiness, whereinto I
fall at an Opera, proceeds hence,
That I never saw one, but it ap-
pear'd very contemptible to me, or
in the disposal of the subject, or in
the verses. Now 'tis in vain, that
flattered is the Ear, or the Eyes are
charm'd, unless the mind be satisf-
fi'd. My Soul being of Intelli-
gence with my mind, rather than
with my senses, shapes in it self
an opposition to the Impressions,
which it may receive; Or at
least, it fails to lend a willing and
agreeable Consent, without which
even the most voluptuous object
cannot afford any great pleasure.
A Foppery beset with Musick,
Dances, Machines and Scenes, is a
magnificent Foppery, yet still
its a Foppery: Its a pitiful mean
thing under glorious out-sides,
which I look into with much un-
willingness. There is another thing in
Operas so much against nature, that
my

my Imagination is *offended* with it, and that is to make the whole Stage do nothing but *sing* from the beginning to the end ; as if the *Persons* represented, were *bound* most ridiculously, in *Musick* to treat of both the most *common* and most *important* affairs of their Lives. Can any Man fancy, that a *Master* should *call* his *Servant*, or give him orders for such or such things, while he is *singing* ? that one Friend should declare a *secret* to another in a Song ? that Men should *deliberate* in a Privy Councel *Singing* ? or, that they should *melodiously* kill one another in a *Duel* ? This destroys the *Wit* of the *Representation* which, questionless, is *Preferable* to that of the *Harmony* ; since *Harmony* ought only to be a *meer attendant*, and the great *Masters of the Theater* have added it as a *pleasant*, but not as a *necessary* thing

thing, after all has been *rightly* ordered, which regards the *subject* and *discourse*. However in Opera's the Idea of the *Musician* goes far beyond that of the *Heroe*: 'Tis *Lovigi*, *Cavallo*, and *Cesti*, that *present* themselves to our imagination. The *mind*, being unable to conceive an *Heroe* in a *Songster*, is wholly affixt on him that *sings*; and no body can deny, but that at the representation of the *Palais Royal*, [we] dream an hundred times on *Baptist* to once on *Theseus* or *Cadmus*. Yet nevertheless, I do not pretend to *exclude* all sort of Singing on the Stage: There are such things as *ought* to be sung, and may be, without any offence to *decency* or *reason*: *Vows*, *Prayers*, and *Praises*, and generally every thing, relating to the service of the *Gods*, have been sung in *all Nations* and at all times. *Tender* and *dolorous*
 Passions

Passions are *naturally* expressed
 in a sort of singing: The *miserance*
 of an *amour* just in its birth, the
irresolution of a *Soul*, toft and tum-
 bled with several *motions*, are fit
 matter for *Stanza's*, and *Stanza's*
 will do well enough for a *Song*.
 Every one knows, that *Choirs*
 were brought upon the *Athenian*
 Stage; and we must confess, that
 they may, with as much *reason*, be
 introduced upon *ours*. So that
 this is the *distinction*, which I
 make, *whatever* belongs to *con-*
versation and conference, *what-*
ever concerns *Intrigues* and *affairs*,
whatever appertains to *Counsel*
 or *Action*, is proper to be recited
 by *Comedians*, and *ridiculous* in
 the mouth of a *Musician*. The
Greeks made *excellent* *Tragedies*,
 wherein *some part* was sung: But
 the *Italians* and *French* make
wretched ones, where they sing
all. If you would know what an
 Opera

Opera is, it is nothing else but a *fantastical* piece of *Drudgery* made up of *Poetry* and *Musique*; where the *Poet* and *Musician* being equally *rackt* one by the other, do take a great deal of *pains* to make a *dull* piece of *Work*. Not but that you may find very *pleasant words*, and very good *Airs*: But most assuredly you will at last be *disgusted* at the *Verses*, in which the *Poets Genius* has been mightily *strain'd* and *confin'd*, and the *Musicians* and *Singers* quite *exhausted* and *spent* by so tedious a labour. If I were fit to give advice to our *Men of sense*, that take much *delight* in the *Stage*, I should direct them, to *resume* our best *Comedies* into their hands, where *Dances* and *Musick* might be introduced, that would *not spoil* the *Play*. The *Prologue* might be sung with very *pleasant Attendances*: In the *Chorus's* a Song would *animate*

nimate such words as might seem
 to be the very Soul of what is
Acted. And then, the *Epilogue*
 might be sung, or some *Reflection*
 on the greatest *Beauties* in the
 Play: The *Idea* and *Shadow*
 might be *enhanced* and *strengthened*,
 and the *Impression* more *cle-*
verly and *lastingly* made on the
Spectators minds. 'Tis thus we
 may find *satisfaction* for the *mind*
 and *senses*, while we cannot any
 more desire the *charm* of *Singing* in
 a pure *Representation*, nor the *Vi-*
gour of a *Representative* in the
drowsiness of continual *Musick*. It
 remains still behind, that I should
 give some *directions* for all those
Comedies, wherein *Singing* is put:
 which is to leave the *main* *Autho-*
rity to the *Poet* for the manage-
 ment of the *Piece*: The *Musick*
 should be made *rather* for the
Verse, than the *Verse* for the *Mu-*
sick; it belongs to the *Musician*
 D to

✓ to follow the *Poets* Order ; from which course only *Baptist*, in my Opinion, ought to be exempt, for his understanding the *Passions* better and sinking farther into Mens Hearts than the *Authors* themselves . *Lambert* , undoubtedly, has an excellent Genius, fit for an hundred several sorts of Musick, and all are well managed with a *Righteous* Oeconomy of *Voices* , and *Instruments* ; there is no *Recreative* better extended nor better varied than his : But as to the nature of the *Passions*, and the quality of *Sentiments* to be express'd, he ought to receive that light from the *Authors*, which *Baptist* is able to give them himself, and not to refuse direction , tho *Baptist* through the vast comprehensiveness of his knowledge may very fully be the director. To my discourse I will not put an end without entertaining you with that
small

small esteem, the Italians have for our Operas, and the great dislike we bear to those of Italy. The Italians being altogether imployed about the representation, and particular care of expressing things, cannot endure the French should call an Opera a concatenation of Dances and Musique, which have no just Affinity, nor natural correspondence with the subject. The French being accusom'd to the Beauty of their Scene-openings, the pleasantness of their Airs, and the charm of their symphonies, do with much passive valour bear with the ignorant brutishness or wicked use of Instruments in the Venetian Operas, and refuse Attention to a long Recitative, that becomes troublesome by the little Variety, we meet with in it. I can not tell you properly what is their Recitative : It is something unknown to the Ancients, which we

may define a bad use of Song and Speech. I confess, I have found inimitable things in *Lovigi's Opera's* both in the expression of thoughts and the charm of *Musique*: But the ordinary Recitative was extream tiresom, insomuch as the *Italians* did even impatiently expect those *quantum Passages*, that came very rarely in their Opinion. The greatest defects in the *French Opera's*, I will comprise in few words: They think to come to a representation, where they will find nothing represented; they go to see a *Comedy*, where no *Spirit* or shade of a *Comedy* is to be seen. This is what I had to say concerning the different constitution of *Opera's*. As to the manner of Singing, call'd in *France*, *Execution*, I believe without partiality, that no Nation can reasonably dispute with it. The *Spaniard* is admirably well dispos'd in his
Wind-pipe

Wind-pipe, but with his *quaverings* and *rollings*, he seems to aim at nothing else than to triumph over the *easy Throat* of the *Nightingale*. The *Italian* he has a false expression (or at least tis *overdone*) not knowing exactly the nature or *degree* of the *Passions*: He breaks out into *laughter* rather than *Sings*, when he would express some sentiment of *joy*: If he would *sigh*, you hear such *sobs* as are violently form'd in the *Throat*, and not such sighs as secretly escape from the *Passion* of an *amorous Heart*: At a *dolorous Reflection*, you hear the *Lowdest Exclamations*; Tears of absence become *Funeral-wailings*; and the *Melancholly Man* becomes so *sorrowful* in their *Mouths*, that they send forth *cries* instead of *complaints* in grief; and sometimes they express a *languishment of Passion* by a *swoon of nature*. Perhaps the *Italians*

have now made *some alteration* in their way of *Singing*, and better'd 'emselfes by a *commerce* with the *French* as to the *neatness* of a *Polite Execution*, as the *latter* have drawn *advantage* from them in the *Beauties* of a greater and more *bold composition*. I have seen *Comedies* in *England*, where there has been much *Musique*: But to speak of 'em with *discretion*, is impossible for me, since I cou'd not *fashion* my self to the *English Singing*. Too late I came to take a *Relish* so *different* from any other. There is no *Nation*, where appears more *courage* in the *Men*, or more *Beauty* in the *Women*, or more *wit* in either *Sex*. We cannot have every thing, where so many good *qualities* are so *common*: 'tis not so great an *evil*, that the *true taste* should be so *rare*; and certain it is, we meet with it very *seldom* there. But
those

those Persons, in whom we find it, have it as nice and delicate as any people in the World, escaping the common Misfortune of their own Nation by an exquisite Air and most happy natural parts. *Solus Gallus cantat, only the Monsieur Sings* : I would not be injurious to all other Nations by maintaining what an Author has been pleas'd to promote: *Hispanus flet, dolet Italus, Germanus beat, Flander ululat, & Solus Gallus cantat* : To him I leave all these cunning distinctions, and think it enough to found my Opinion on the authority of *Lovigi*, who could never endure the *Italians* should sing *Airs*, after he had heard 'em sing at *M. Nyert, Hilaire*, and *la petite Varenne*. At his return into *Italy*, he made all the *Musicians*, of that Nation, his Enemies, by saying openly at *Rome*, as he had done at *Paris*,

that, to make the Musick pleasant,
the Italian Airs should be put into
French-mens Mouths : He made
very little account of French Songs,
excepting Beauffei's, which he
lov'd particularly. He admir'd the
concert of [our] Violins ; he ad-
mir'd our Lutes, our Claricords,
and Organs : He was ravisht to
hear, the first time, the great
Bells of St. Germain des Prez :
And what charm might not he
have found in our Flutes, if they
had been in use at that time? This
is certain, he was mightily dis-
heartned and dissatisfi'd with the
rudeness and barshness of the
greatest Masters of Italy, when he
had tasted the tender way of move-
ing, and the neatness and manner
of the French. I should be too
partial, if I spoke only of [our]
Excellencies : There is no Peo-
ple, that have a more slow appre-
hension both as to the sound of the
words

words and the mind of the *Composer* as the *French*: Very few there are, that understand the *quantity less*, and with more trouble find out the Pronunciation: but after long studying has made 'em overcome all those *difficulties*, and they come once to comprehend what they sing, nothing comes near them. The same thing befalls 'em in *Instruments* and particularly in *consorts*, where nothing is very *sure* or *just* but after infinite Repetitions; yet nothing so neat and *handsome*, when the Repetitions are done. The *Italians* go deep into *Musique*, and bring their Science to our Ears without any *sweetness*. The *French* are not satisfi'd with taking away from the Science the *first roughness*, which smells of labour in *Composition*: But also in the secret of *Execution* they find a *charm* for our Souls, and something in

it self so *moving*, that makes it's way to our *Hearts*. I had forgot to talk with you concerning *Machines* ; so easy is it, to forget such things, as we would have retrench'd. *Machines* may satisfy the *curiosity* of *Ingenious* Men in *Mathematical* *Inventions* , but upon the *Stage* they can never please *Persons* of *true* judgment. The more *surprizing* they are, the more do they *divert* the mind from its *attention* to *discourse* : And the more *admirable* they appear, the *impression* of this *admiration* doth leave the *Soul* the less exquisite sense and *tenderness*, which it has need of to be *affected* or *charm'd* by the *Musick*. The *Ancients* us'd *Machines* only upon *necessity* to fetch in some *deity* or other, tho the *Poets* were almost always *laught at* for letting themselves be *reduc'd* to such a *strait*. If a Man hath a mind to
be

be at any *expense* and charge, let
 him open his *Purse-strings* upon
 handſom *Scenes*, the uſe of which
 is more *natural* and *pleaſant* than
 that of *Machines*. *Antiquity*, that
 expoſed its *Godheads* to Poets, and
 even on *hearths*; this ſame *Anti-*
quity (I ſay) as *vain* and *credu-*
lous as it was, yet did very *ſeldom*
 expoſe them on the Stage. After
 the *deſtruction* of their *Creed*, and
 Mortals truſting in 'em, the *Ita-*
lians, in their *Opera's*, *reviv'd* and
 ſetled, the *Heathen Gods* again in
 the World, and fear'd not to
 poſſeſs Men with thoſe *ridiculous*
Vanities, provided they gave a
 great *Splendor* to their *pieces* by
 the introducing that *false* and *daz-*
ling kind of *wonderment*. Theſe
Theatre-divinities abuſ'd *Italy* a
 long time: but at length being
 happily *undeceived* it renounc'd
 theſe *Gods*, whom it had reſtor'd;
 and it return'd to ſuch things, as
 tho

tho really they were not *exactly* true, yet were less troubleſom, and ſuch as good ſenſe with a little Indulgence would not reject. In the caſe of Gods and Machines it has happen'd to the *French*, what almoſt ever happens to the *Almains* in *Gallican* modes; the *French* take up what the *Italians* leave: And as if [we] wou'd repair the fault of having been prevented in the *Invention*, we carry on the humor of a *cuſtom* or mode even to *exceſs*, which they had brought in for *no good* in the World, but manag'd it with reſerve and *moderation*. In effect, we cover the Earth all o'r with *God-ships*; and make 'em *dance*, and deſcend in *troops*, whereas they made 'em come down with ſome ſort of managment to the moſt important occaſions. As *Ariſto* outſlew the moſt wonderful ſublimities of Poetry by his incredible

dible *Fables*, we out-do all *Fable* by a confus'd *Assembly* of *Gods*, *Shepherds*, *Heroes*, *Enchanters*, *Phantomcs*, *Furies*, and *Devil's*. I admire *Baptist* as well for his ordering *Dances*, as for that which concerns *Voices* and *Instruments*: But the constitution of our *Opera's* ought to appear very *Extrava-gant* to those that have a true taste of *verisimilitude* and things *marvellous*, yet a *Man* runs the *hazard* of being cry'd down for his *true taste*, if he dares make it publick: And I advise *others*, when they hear any *discourse* about *Opera's*, to keep their own *thoughts* secret to themselves. As for *myself*, who have now past the *Age* and *time* of *signalizing* my self in the *World*, by the *humor* of *modes* and *merit* of *fancies*, I am resolv'd to take the side of *good sense* [as much abandon'd and *forlorn* as it is] and to follow *reason* in all her *disgraces* with

with as much *Loyalty*, as if she had now her *first consideration*. That which *vexes* me the most for the *giddiness* of Pate, where-with Men run after Operas, is, that they will *ruin* the *best thing* we have, the most proper to *elevate* the *Soul*, and most capable to *form* a true *wis.* So that we will *conclude*, after so long a discourse, that the *constitution* of Operas can hardly be more *defective* than they are.

The End.

E P I.

EPICURUS

HIS

MORALS.

MOST Men, no doubt, find fault with *Epicurus* and reject his *Doctrine*, not only as unworthy of a *Philosopher*, but as dangerous to a *Citizen*, imagining a Man *Vicious* as soon as he is of the *number* of his *Disciples*. On all occasions, they brand his *Opinions*, as opposite to good *manners*, and his *name* is *blasted* with shame and *Infamy*. Yet some *Stoicks*, who were his *greatest* Enemies, have not used him so roughly; their *Eulogys* accord not with the publick *Aspersions*; they have

have *combated* him, without *outraging* him; and the *Books* they have left us, still *speak*, in several *Passages*, the great *value*, they had for *him*. From whence then does this extream *difference* proceed, And why are we no longer of the same *Opinion* with the *Sages*? It's very easy to give the reason; we do not act like them, we make no *enquiry*, we do not *sift* matters, we adhere only to what is *told* us, without instructing our selves in the *nature* of things; we account those the *best*, which have most examples and *approvers*: And we do not follow *reason*, but only its *resemblance*, we retain our errors, because they are *authoriz'd* by those of *others*: We love rather to *believe* than *judge*; and we are so *unjust*, that we defend against reason, the *spurious opinions* that have come down to us. Thus this
infirmity

infirmity is one of those, which hath made *Epicurus* fall under the publick *Aversion*, and which has almost egg'd on all Men to strike him out of the List of *Philosophers*: They have condemn'd him without knowing him, and have banish'd him, without hearing him; they would not pry into the merits of his cause, and seem to have been afraid of his making his own justification. But in my opinion, the first and most reasonable pretence, that Men had to slight his *Doctrine*, was the life of some *Vicious Wretches*, who having abus'd the name of that *Philosopher*, corrupted the reputation of his *Seet*. These People have giv'n their Vices the inscription of his *Wisdom*: They have pop'd their defects into the Bosom of his *Philosophy*, and flock'd in vast multitudes to places, where they understood Pleasure was commended

mended. The mischief was, they did not thoroughly apprehend that *pleasure* and those *praises*: They rested satisfy'd with its *name* in *general*, and veil'd and defended their *Debaucheries*, and courted the *Authority* of a great *Man* to support the *Lewdness* of their own lives, so as instead of profiting by the good Instructions of that Philosopher, and in his School, correcting their own evil Inclinations, they have even lost that, which cou'd only be left'em, namely the *shame of tripping*. They are come to that pass as to fall extolling *Actions*, whereat they blush'd before; they have *glory'd* in the *Vices*, they conceal'd, & [in short] have follow'd without any shame the pleasure they brought along with them, and not that which was endeavour'd to be inculcated into them. In the mean while, the *Wor'd* had judg'd upon *appearances*

ances; and seeing that those persons, who stild themselves *Philosophers*, were extreamly dissolute; that they made a *publick* profession of their *failings*, that they cited *Epicurus* to authorize their *impurity*, laziness, and gluttony: This same World made no difficulty of pronouncing, that this *Philosophers* Doctrine was most *pernicious*, and of comparing his *Disciples* to the vilest *Animals* in nature:

Epicuri de grege Porcum.

PEOPLE would deal very *unreasonably* with *Epicurus*, and his *affairs* would be in a very ill posture, if some had not been careful to put them to the *Test*, and separated themselves from that *multitude*, which has ever been
an

an *Enemy* to all Wise Men and

† *Sur Opinion*
d'autruy.

† upon an alien opinion condemned *Socrates*, tho approved

of by the Gods. Thus they have met with some, who have taken *Information* of that *Wise-mans* Life, and without dwelling upon the belief of the *vulgar*, or the face of things, have penetrated farther and in the result of their research, given Testimonies of his *Probity*, and the *Sanctity* of his *Doctrine*.

After due knowledge, they Proclaimed his pleasure, as severe as the *Stoicks* vertue; that tho its taste was delicate, its precepts were difficult, and to be debauched like *Epicurus*, a Man must be as sober as *Zeno*. And certainly its incredible, that a Person whose Countrey erected him several Statues; whose Friends swayed the Citys of *Greece*; who loved the Worship of the Gods and his Countreys good

good; who had *piety* towards his Parents, *Liberality* towards his Brethren, and *gentleness* for his Slaves; whose *modesty* kept him from tampering in the State, and *Temperance* made him commonly only live on Bread and Water; its incredible (I say) that this Man should write the *Precepts* of *Lewdness*, or teach his Disciples the practise of the *vices* he naturally abhorred. On the contrary, as if this excellent Personage had apprehended, that the title he bestowed upon his *Discipline*, might foster the *naughty* inclinations of several, and that Men might fall to *calumniate* his pleasure: As if he had foreseen the *unjust* Hatred of following *Ages*, and the *Lewd* Life of those who should *abuse* his Doctrine, he took care himself to make its *Apology*; he explained its "great Thirst

* Comme elle Thirst and sobriety,
 étoit sobre et and banished from
 Sige. the Garden, where
 hePhilosophized with hisFriends,
 those, who abusing the name of
 pleasure were its corrupters, and
 who considered their own vices
 as the sovereign good of Man and
 tranquillity of Life. By no means
 will I that in this you pin your
 Faith upon my Sleeve; I will
 make him speak in his own per-
 son, and Ile show you one of his
 Letters. Thus he Writes to Me-
 necas.

Notwithstanding we say (these
 are his words) that pleasure is the
 end of Man, we do not mean
 vile and infamous pleasure such as
 proceeds from the Taste and Gluttony:
 this unlucky opinion is of per-
 sons that are ignorant of or oppose our
 precepts and separate themselves from
 their Communion, or turn 'em into
 an ill sense.

So

So that you see, how careful he was of having a defence ready against *ignorance* and ill opinion; that he believed there were only those *two things* capable of decrying him, and which indeed were, [as we have already said,] the only things, which ruined his reputation among the *greatest* part of the World. His very Life tho' discreet and sober, has not (however) wanted to be attacked by *Invectives* and *detractions*, but those who have written it, having recited the calumnies of his Enemies, have incontinently refuted them, and have not composed the *History* of that *Philosopher*, but at the same time they have made his *Apology*. As my design is not to *entertain* you with his *Actions*, but only to defend his *pleasure*, I'll * refer you to *Diogenes Laertius* for the relation

* And the Englisher [possibly with more reason]

to the Learned
Gassendus his
Notes upon it,
together with a
large account
of Epicurus
his Life, writ
by the same Fa-
mous French
Philosopher.

lation of his Life,
and content my self
with *Philosophizing*
with you upon the
Nature of that *Plea-*
sure, that has so ma-
ny *Enemies* ; and
we will examine
whether it be *such*
as to exclude, out of the rank of
good, and wise Men, those who
defend and follow it. *Living ac-*
cording to Nature, and not having
any sensation of Pain, is what Epicu-
rus calls living pleasantly. Me-
thinks herein there is nothing
to be *taxed* ; and such a Life has
no need of censors ; and *there is*
no *Government* so *severe* in the
World, as can disapprove any
thing in this position. Following
Nature is following *Reason* ; the
bounds nature has prescribed are
those of *Innocence* ; there is nothing
in nature but what is *just* and e-
quitable

equitable. From nature it is not, that *Avarice* came: she has concealed *Gold* in the Bowels of the vilest *Element*, and we have torn it thence: Nature was not the cause of *Ambition* which torments us: It brought us into the World, and with equality sends us out thence packing. We only differ from one another, in as much as we corrupt it. We eye at the same time, both *Liberty* and the *Sun*: *servitude* was introduc'd by violence; and the first Kings were Tyrants. Is it nature [think you] which prompts to *delights*? The *Poets* themselves, who have foisted *defects* into the very Heav'n's, to screen their own blunders with *examples*, and made *Jupiter* wicked, that *they* might be so themselves, durst not own such a thought. They have preserv'd it's purity intire, and have not couch'd in the description of

E its

its *own*, that is to say, the *Golden Age*, the *Luxury* of others, that succeeded it. Do but hear 'em talk; They'll tell you, that *Acorns* were then *Mens Food*, that *Rivers* squench'd their thirst, that they dwelt in *Caverns*, that they had no *Cloaths*, which defended them against the cold, and that they follow'd *Nature* in all their *Actions*. I'll willingly own, that there was never such a constitution of things, and that *Men* were never reduc'd to the *Villany* of *Brutes*; the *Poets* have push'd on their *fiction* much farther, but at least they were willing to let us *understand*, that our *excess* proceeded not from *nature*: that she does not advise us to them, and that it is not nature, which says,

*Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis,
Atque Afra Volucres placent Palato;
Quod non sunt faciles; And*

And that in fine, 'tis *we*, who *abuse* the *Gifts* of *Heav'n* and the *advantages*, it confers upon us. How then to live *according* to nature, must a Man *abstain* from the things, that are *submitted* to him, and of which *he* has appointed him Lord? This I do not say, I rather say, we ought to use 'em, provided we use 'em *according* to *nature*. We must use things in *such* sort, as that we may be without them, we must be their *Masters*, and not their *Slaves*; we must not grow *impatient* for 'em, nor be cast down for their loss; lets enjoy 'em *peaceably*, when *occasion* is offered, and not pursue 'em with disquiet and *turmoil*. There's no *condition*, but what's becoming the *Wise Man*: So as I shall never blame a *Philosopher* for inhabiting a *Palace*, but in not having the *power* to be contented with a *Cottage*. I

Shall not be scandaliz'd at seeing
 him in the *Robes*, if he has not
 the *Ambition* of a King; Let
Aristippus possess the *Riches* of
Crasus, what matter? He'll
 throw 'em away, when they in-
 commodate him; let *Plato* be at *De-
 nis's* the Tyrants Table, yet in
 the midst of that abundance of
delicacies, he will eat sometimes
 only *Olives*: We do not damn
 the Possession of goods, we damn
 their servitude; it is not *Poverty*
 will make us wise, it may purge
 away, indeed, the desire of com-
 mitting certain faults, but there
 are others, which it cannot remedy.
 The *Cynicks* rags contribute not
 the least to tranquillity or modera-
 tion; *Ambition* follows *Diogenes*
 into his very *Tub*, and there it
 was he had the confidence to com-
 mand *Alexander* the haughtiest
 of all Mankind. All that comes
 from us, will be indifferent, if we
 have

have *moderation* of mind, *that is* to say, if we are wise, and follow *nature*. Very true it is, that there is more *difficulty*, in following *nature* in *abundance*, than in necessity, and that the *Spurs*, which our *delights* use to try our *moderation*, are much more *keen* than those *adversity* employs for that purpose: But still there is much more *glory* in *surmounting* them, and the loss of *false joys* secures much better the *Possession* of *real* ones. We are not sensible of the *felicity* which costs us nothing, and for which we are indebted to *chance*; it must be giv'n us by *Wisdom*; and *trouble* sometimes must usher us to *pleasure*. A Man, who at the *Olympick Games*, should be in the *Lists* with a design to try his skill, if no body stood forth, might possibly be *Crowned*, but nevertheless, that would not render him *Victorious*. Storms and Tempests.

pests are what procure reputation
 to *Pilots*, and if *Penelopes Chastity*
 had not been try'd, some might
 have said of her, *it only wanted*
corrupters: Wherefore, let's not
 fly the *World*, let's not fly the
Court, let's not sculk in the *De-*
sarts, from whence *Philosophy*
 fetcht the *Primitive Mankind*;
 let's possess *Riches*, let us not re-
 fuse to enter upon *Publick Offices*;
 if we are *Wise*, we may enjoy
these things without any danger,
 we shall Sail happily amid those
 Rocks, we shall eye all this with
 an unconcern'd look: And if we
 be strip't of it, we shall testify by
 not looking back upon't, that we
 despise and were not wedded to
 it. It is a shame in the *Wise Man*
 to fly, and to be more feeble than
 such desires, which being unna-
 tural, have no other credit but
 what is acquired them by opinion.
 This is [in part] the pleasure of
 the

the *Epicureans*, this is what they call, to live according to nature : This is their *Doctrine*, and these their *Sentiments*. Consider now whether *this* Opinion merits our *odium*, and see whether we have reason to *despise* it; Whether their Pleasure *lumps* to Debaucheries and Excesses, and whether *than* is there be any thing more *sober* or more *Chast* ? Ask you me *Epicurus*, what is it to *live voluptuously* ? He will answer you, *that* is is not *the* having a fondness for *Worldly concerns*; *that* it is *resisting* evil desires, *contemning* Honour, *getting* the *Mastery* of *Fortune*, and *that* it is (*in a word*) *possessing* absolutely *Peace* and *Repose* of *Mind*. Hereat are levelled all his *Precepts* ; here you meet with *pleasure*, and here it is indeed, we ought to seek it, not in the *satisfaction* of the *senses*, nor in the *emotion* of the *Appetites*. It is too

pure to depend on the *body*, it depends on the *Intellectual* part: reason is its *Mistress*, reason is its *rule*, the *senses* are only its *Ministers*: And besides, what *delights* soever we may hope for in indulging a *revelling* *Palate*, in the *Pleasures* of the *sight*, in *Perfumes* and *Musick*, if we do not approach those things with a calm mind, we shall be *deceived*, we shall fall under the delusion of a *false joy*, and take the *shadow* of *Pleasure* for its *real* body. We will burn [if you please] all the *Wood of Arabia* the happy; we will closet up our selves with *Venus*, we will live on *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; we will enjoy the *Pleasure* the *Poets* have imagin'd; all this will prove bitter, if we are under *disquiet*; and our *Peculiarities* will force us to *complain* in the midst of these *delights*. Ile give you an *instance* of this *Assertion*,

tion, and shew you, how much a Man is *uncapable* of Pleasure, when his *mind* is in trouble. You have read of the *Feast*, which *Tigellinus* made *Nero*; and you may remember that great *Debauch* the Renown of whose *Luxury* has lasted to our Age. It seems to have been the last effort of *sumptuousness* and *delicacy*, and that sensuality has not been able to make any farther Progress. *Agrippa's* Pond was pitcht on for this extraordinary repast, it was made upon a stately *Barque*, which being drawn by a great many others seemed of it self *insensibly* to move: All these Barges appeared enrich'd with *Gold* and *Ivory*. Many lovely *Youths* were the *Rowers*, or rather so many *Cupids*. The tast knew no *Fowle*, but what it was furnished with at that *entertainment*: The *Ocean* provided it with *Fish*, and
the

the Provinces of the Empire with *diversity* of Meats. In short, all appeared with huge daintiness and abundance. I omit speaking of the *infamous* Houses erected upon the Banks, which were stock'd with *Women* of great Quality; and I will forget the *Courtizans* there seen stark *naked*. The *Night* it self contributed to the *Pleasure* of this *Debauch*; its *shades* were combated by an *infinity* of *Lights*, and its *silence* agreeably disturb'd by the *Harmony* of several *consorts*. Would you know, what delight *Nero* took in all these things, and if he departed satisfied from this *Banquet*? You need only imagin, that he carried with him thither the *memory* of his *crimes* and the *remorses* of his *conscience*, and you will make no *difficulty* of concluding, that *despair* accompanied him to that *Entertainment*, that he

he there felt the *Penitential Whip*; and that tho his *outside* had the *face* of a *triumph*, he acted in his mind a *Bloody Tragedy*. If he had any joy, it was that of the *Menades*: He was *obliged* for his *Pleasure* to his *fury* or *Drunkenness*, and his *happiness* augmented with the *diminution* of his *reason*. I suppose the same thing of all those of his *retinue*, for I imagin there neither *Seneca*, nor *Thraseas*, *Pacrus*, nor *Bareas* *Soranus*, who lived according to nature amidst the *corruption* of their *Age*, to be of the number of the *Guests*. Doubtless, such only were present as *endear'd* themselves to his *conversation* by a *congruity* of *manners*: Who egg'd him on in his *crimes*: Who were his *Ministers* in 'em, and before whom he ought not to *blush* at least, for the *resemblance* of the *wicked*, *hinders* their *shame*. Certainly, such a
Riff-Raff

Riff-Raff were far from being happy ; there was no finding a sound *Man* in all that *Assembly* : Pleasure could not get admittance into those *Bosoms*, which excesses had intirely possessed.

*Quemvis media erue Turba,
Aut ob avaritiam aut misera am-
(bitione laborat ;
Hic Nuptiarum insanit amoribus, hic
(Puerorum.*

In short , they were assaulted with all the ill passions, which destroy the repose of mind, and by consequence, were not in a State of relishing the Pleasure, we approve. I could wish that this *Philosopher* had been present at this *Debauch*, and that in the Eyes of the universe he had told his opinion ; I am sure he'd have declar'd the truth before *Nero's* Face : He would not have dreaded death, which he held indiffe-
rent,

rent, and I imagin in *this manner*
he'd have spoken :

‘ Oh *Wretched* Prince ! How
‘ art thou *mistaken* in believing,
‘ that *pleasure* is found in thy ex-
‘ cesses ! It is as far remote from
‘ ‘em as thou art from *Lifes true*
‘ happiness. Thou *dragg’st* thy
‘ unhappiness along in all places,
‘ where thou go’st, and do what
‘ thou wilt, thou *can’st* not sculk
‘ one moment from thy *consci-*
‘ *ence*. Thou may’st cover thy *Ta-*
‘ *ble* with *Meats* still more *preci-*
‘ *ous* than those it abounds with ;
‘ *tast* the most *delicious Wines* of
‘ *Greece* and *Italy*, *Sully* thy self
‘ afterwards in all abominations,
‘ that *Debauchery* can invent ;
‘ yet *nothing* wilt thou find in *all*
‘ *this* to afford thee *satisfaction* ;
‘ and tho thy *body* were fill’d, thy
‘ *mind* wou’d still be in quest
‘ of *Pleasure*. *These* are not the
‘ things

' things, which render Life hap-
 ' py; tis only *Prudence*, which
 ' composes the *sovereign good*;
 ' 'tis she alone which will
 ' teach thee to *regulate thy desires*
 ' according to **NATURE**, and
 ' in this Rule it is thou wilt find
 ' what thou canst *not* meet with
 ' in thy *disorders*; If any thing
 ' be *wanting*, turn thy Eyes to-
 ' wards that *common Mother*;
 ' she will give thee wherewith
 ' easily to content thee. Art thou
 ' *thirsty*? She has every where
 ' plac'd *Rivers and Springs*, where
 ' thou may'st quench thy Thirst.
 ' Hungry? Places, where thou
 ' wilt find *Fruits* to live on.
 ' If thou art not satisfy'd with
 ' *these things*, thou wilt never be
 ' satisfy'd with *all thy Excesses*;
 ' consult thy **Hunger** and thy
 ' **Thirst**, they will make thee find
 ' delights in the *simplicity* of na-
 ' ture; and *Bread and Water* will
 ' serve

' serve thee instead of the *best*
 ' *Dish* upon Earth thou canst call
 ' *to mind* when thou art in neces-
 ' sity. Now that thou art not so,
 ' thou dost not give thy *Stomach*
 ' time to *digest* Meats, thy *intem-*
 ' *perance* daily engenders *crudities*;
 ' it *advances* the hour of that
 ' *death*, which *Hobgoblins* thee
 ' with so many *apprehensions*. Thus
 ' thou makest *Feasts* without their
 ' affording thee any *Pleasure*, be-
 ' cause thou *constrain'st* thy *Nature*,
 ' forcing it to obey thy *De-*
 ' *sires*: But know, thy *Desires*
 ' *interfere* with thy *Nature*, and
 ' the *overflowings* of thy *Mind*
 ' *darken* the *light* of thy *Reason*;
 ' wherefore, do not flatter thy
 ' self with *tasting* the *Pleasures*
 ' thou imagin'st: There's nothing
 ' bounded but in nature; all that
 ' is *repugnant* to nature is *infinite*,
 ' and consequently, *above* us.
 ' *Ambitious Subjects* aspire to
 ' *Crowns*;

* *Crowns* : If they became *Kings*,
 * they wou'd be the *sole Monarchs*
 * of the *World* : Being *Monarchs*,
 * they'd wish for *Incense* and
 * *Sacrifices*, and the *Fable* of the
 * *Gyants* informs us, that the *Earth*
 * has dar'd to pretend to *Heavens*
 * *Dominion*. It is so with other bad
 * desires, no body can be happy
 * but he who knows how to regu-
 * late his desires. And as it only
 * belongs to the *Wise Man* to un-
 * dertake that Province, so it
 * only belongs to him to command
 * the universe. Only he can extract
 * Pleasure out of all these things,
 * and he alone uses Delights so-
 * berly, and despises them in
 * their Possession. For thy part,
 * who dishonourest the race of *Au-*
 * *gustus*, and art the Infamy of hu-
 * man kind, over whom the an-
 * ger of the Gods has given thee
 * the command, do what thou
 * list, thou wilt ever be un-
 * happy :

'happy? thy grief will backney
 'thee at all moments, and in all
 'places: Thou wilt never steal
 'one minute from thy conscience:
 'And in the midst of thy good
 'cheer, thou wilt drink no *Wine*,
 'but what will represent to thee
 'the *Innocents Blood*, which thy cru-
 'elty has shed on such or such an
 'occasion. This is [if I be not mis-
 taken] what *Epicurus* wou'd have
 said; this is what he wou'd have
 alledged in *Justification* of his *Phi-*
losophy, and thus wou'd he have
 reprov'd the Emperours *Enormi-*
ties. But forasmuch as that 'tis
 impossible, that the mind [the *Arbi-*
ter of Pleasure] should enjoy per-
 fect pleasure, if the body its *Mi-*
nister endures any torment; *Epicu-*
rus or rather *truth* teaches, that
 the privation of corporal pain, is
 necessary to the composition of
 that *summum bonum*, which the
 pleasure of the *Sages* does produce.
 And

And in truth, the *alliance* betwixt the *mind* and the *flesh* is so close, that it's very difficult to *separate* their *pleasures* and their *sufferings*. The *mind* can scarce be *sovereignly happy*, while *Maladies* afflict the *Body*: The *mind* can scarce *think* of joy, while the violence of *pain* tears from it complaints, or can the *mind* be sensible of pleasure, as long as it is in all *parts*, that undergo the assaults of pain? Let the *Stoicks* boast as high as they please, the *insensibility* of their *Seet*, and that *rigorous virtue*, which makes a *mock* of pain, they'll find their *body* does not colten with their opinion, and that tho their discourses be magnificent & *sublime*, yet they are neither according to truth or *humane nature*. I will not *prop* this *Proposition* with the example of the *Mobile* of those *Philosophers*. I will not make use of a *Name*,
they

they may *scruple* to receive, nor pitch on a Man, whose virtues may seem *suspected* by them. *Hercules* alone shall bear *testimony* of what I *urge*; that *Hercules*, who is plac'd among the *Gods*, whom so many *labours* have rendred *Famous*, and the *Poets* made choice of, for a *perfect* model of the *force* of their *Wisdom*. What if we take a *view* a while of that *Hero dying*, and consider the *last Actions* of his *Life*? That *Invincible Mans Congee* will be doubtless like his *entrance*, *Illustrious* in performing something *Heroick*. Certainly he will say nothing as may *dishonour* his *Noble Actions*, or seem *unworthy* of his *former virtue*. The *strength* of his *pain* gets the *mastery* over his *courage*: His *Constancy* yields to the *ardour* of the *Venom*, which devours him; he does not *only* complain, he *weeps*, he *cries*, he *howls*:

At

*At circumgemit petra,
Locrorum & alta Eubææ
Promontoria.*

And 'tis with the last effects of rage and despair, that he *departs* out of *this Life* to take his place among the *Gods*. Therefore, let the *Stoicks* rank themselves in *our party*, let 'em *rattle* no longer of their *insensibility*, nor *foist* on us, that the *Wise man* may be *happy* amid *Tortures*, and let 'em not despise pain, to which *Hercules himself* was constrain'd to *submit* so many *victories*. But if it be answer'd, that the *Poets* were to blame for representing *Hercules* in *this manner*, and that in favour of that *Hero*, they are willing to rescue him from the *Authority* of *Books*, and the consent of *Theatres*: *Possidonius*, formerly one of *Cicero's* Masters, and the *greatest* of all the *Stoicks* (for so he is stil'd by *that*

that disciple) will serve us for an
illustrious example, we shall see a
Pillar of the Porch stagger'd by
a Disease. The *Gout* being the
Malady of that Philosopher, was
 likewise the *wrack of his constancy*;
 he endur'd its violence as patient-
 ly as an *ordinary Man* would have
 done; and tho he upbraided *pain*,
 that all it's *twinges pinches* could
 not constrain him to *own*, that it
 was an *evil*; yet for all this it *afflic-*
ted him, and made him *complain*. It
 seems too that *Cicero* was *choqu'd*,
 or at least *astonish'd* at this wisemans
 weakness. I have seen, says he,
Possidonius the greatest of the *Sto-*
icks have as little power to undergo
 the *pains of the Gout*, as my *Host*
Nicomachus, whom *Tully* account-
 ed a *common sort of Fellow*. And
 assuredly I am so far from be-
 lieving that true *felicity* can con-
 cur with *pain*, that I should esteem
 it the *action of a Wise Man* to *part*
 with

with his Life, if he could not *separate* it from *pain*. And because the Memory of *Mecenas* is in great *veneration* with me, and in my Opinion he ought never to be mention'd but with Honour; I wish, if it were possible, that those *Verses*, which remain to us of him, had been *strict*d, and he had not *informed* us, that he was more *wedded* to *Life*, than *became* (I do not say a *Philosopher*, but only) a *Man* of *Courage*. You cou'd not have *offer'd* him any *condition*, so he might but *live*, but what he wou'd have *accepted*; were he *deform'd*? that's no matter; were he *maimed*? he'd find some *consolation* in *living*; let him endure all the *Torments* of the most violent *Distempers*, he'd still be *happy*, if they were not *mortal*; and tho you shou'd have sentenc'd him to the most *cruel* of *Deaths*, he wou'd not *consent* to quit *Life*, provided he cou'd

cou'd keep it amidst the Tortures
of Executions.

*Debilem facitro mann,
Debilem pede, coxa;
Tuber adstrue Gibberum;
Lubricosquate dentes;
Vita dum superest, bene est:
Hanc mihi vel acuta,
Si sedam Cruce, sustine.*

Without doubt, *Effeminacy* dictated these *Verses* to him, while he tasted all the *Pleasures* of Life. He never had had any experience of pain, and had he fall'n into the ill condition he proposes, *Death* wou'd have been as welcome to him, as a *Reprieve* to a Criminal upon the *Rack*. It's easy by this to understand that *Mecenas* was voluptuous; but no *Epicurean*, since those Philosophers have too generous a Soul to shrink to such feeble sentiments; they dread *Death*
much

much less than *pains*, and sometimes *renounce* Pleasure for very pain. And the reason is, that *Epicurus* well judging that most Men being *allured* and *corrupted* by the *fruition* of pleasures, and suffering themselves without *Rule*, and blindly to be hurry'd away by the *current* of their *Appetites*, wou'd not be in a *capacity* to *foresee* the *pains* and *afflictions*, which wou'd fall upon 'em in *consequence* of those *disorders*: And besides, fearing that the *love* of *ease* and *Effeminacy* of *spirit*, joyn'd to the fear of *pain* and *labour*, might oblige them to be *wanting* in their *Duties*, and to render themselves *useless* in *Life*; he was of opinion, that in the time wherein a *Wise man* shou'd have full liberty of *Election*, and wherein nothing shou'd *bind* him from procuring his own *satisfaction*, he might *abandon* himself to *pleasure*, and
give

give a temporary *Fare-well* to *Pain*: But That then are certain seasons, in which *they* must be *Friends* again, and during which the *Obligation* of *Duties*, and the *Necessity* of *Things* ought to constrain him not to refuse *Dolour*, and to reject *Voluptuousness*.

'Twas this generous Maxim, that made *Cato* of *Utica* his own Executioner: For, tho' he might have born himself up on the *Mines* of his *Party*, and *Cæsar* wou'd have been mighty glad to grant him his *Life*; yet, the shame of surviving the *Loss* of the *Publique Liberty*, and the *Infamy* of *Servitude*, would not let that large Heart even deliberate, whether he should choose the *Pain* of dying gloriously, to avoid the *Pleasure* of living after a manner, that seem'd to him unworthy of a *Roman*. This Maxim it was, that made *Regulus* to repeat himself into the hands of his

F *Enemies*,

Enemies, where the *Craelties* of his *Tormentors* were less *sensible* to him, than his *Remorse* would have been for having broken his word. 'Twas this Maxim, which making *Fabricius* to despise the *Treasures* of the King of *Epirus*, made him also despise the evil desires, which follow the possession of *Riches*, and preserve to himself the *Repose* of *Mind*, the sovereign and chiefest of *Pleasures*. Lastly, it was this Maxim, that set *Cicero* o' declaiming against *Anthony*, to devote himself for the safety of the *Common-wealth* at a time, when he might have stayed at home very fairly in *Peace* and quietly enjoy'd an easie Life, and the *Delights* of his own *Studies*.

To this Maxim there are no laudible Actions but what may be referr'd: And what *Heroick* *Deeds* soever those great men have achiev'd, you will find, that if they

they have run towards Pain, it hath been to avoid a much greater, and contrariety, if they have not glanc'd upon some pleasures, it was by such an *Abstinence*, to acquire Others more satisfactory and solid. For, what other cause wou'd you have us ascribe to their *Illustrious Actions*? Do you think, they wou'd have so boldly left this Life? That they wou'd have turn'd their backs upon the possession of Gold? That they wou'd painfully hunt after very dangerous Enmities? And, not consider at the same time, if what they did, was useful or agreeable to them? with this Censure, let us not bespatter them: The Effects of their Wisdom let us not impute to the unruliness of their Mind, but believe, that they consulted generally themselves and their own Intellectuals upon their Actions: And let us not state them in a

worse condition than the most salvage of Animals, which are never transported nor troubled in such a manner, but that it is easie to discover, what is the Aim of the Impetuosity of their Movements. Cato forsook that Life, which was become his Burthen; he found it less grievous to quit the World, than to obey Caesar, whom he believes to be no good man, and he thought it more pleasant not to live at all, than to live in an ignominious slavery. Regulus return'd to Carthage: If he had not done so, he had been accus'd of Perfidiousness. Fabricius cou'd not be corrupted by Pyrrhus, in which he exerted his Integrity: He serv'd his Country, and in the single pleasure of refusing Riches, he satisfied himself more than if he had accepted all the Treasures of the Universe. In short, Tully gave hard words to Antonius, and declar'd

clar'd himself his *capital* Enemy: If *without* any reason he did so, he is *much* to blame: But, if at his own peril he had a design to establish the *Common-wealth*, and if he undertook *Marc Antony's* Ruine, to prevent that of *Rome*; as hereby he took care of the common safety of his *Citizens*, wherein his own was contain'd; so he, moreover, *deserv'd* the praise of all *Mankind*, and the love of the whole *People of Rome*. Those *Great Men*, indeed, were not of the *Family of Epicurus*, and One of 'em hath even endeavour'd by his *Writings* to destroy his *Opinions*: But it's sufficient, that the *Authority* of their *Examples* is found in the *Doctrine* of that *Philosopher*, and that the *World* know, That it was not *Virtue* alone, which was their *Motive*, or at least *what* they call'd *Virtue*, ought to be styl'd *Pleasure*.

However, out of this School there have issued Spirits completely *Heroique*, who in a corrupted Age have perform'd as vigorous Actions, as those Antient Romans in the flower of their Republicque under Neroe's Reign, the World admir'd the death of *Petronius*, as much as that of *Seneca*. The Emperour's Tutor acquired no Glory by dying, but what was afterwards bestow'd upon the Arbitrer of his Pleasures; and the common Sentiment was, that the Stoician who had always held forth and preach'd up a contempt of Life, did not leave it more generously than *Petronius*, who had courted all it's Pleasures.

In this place, I am bound, for the honour and sake of *Epicurus*, to retrace something of the Life and Death of this great Disciple: As indeed, it wou'd be impossible for me to pass by this point without

out some *discourse* to you concerning it, and as you with a very willing Ear listen to the performances of *Illustrious Men*, you will not be loath to rank *Petronius* in their number, and take a transitory view of the marks of his *Wisdom* and *Generosity*. This famous *Epicurean*, far from resembling those *Sots* and *Debauchees*, who commonly gormandize all their *Estate* away, made Profession of a *Polite Luxury*, making *Pleasures* his only study. And as *Toil* and *Industry* confer *Reputation* on the rest of *Mankind*, he alone obtain'd it by a gentle kind of *Idleness*. Very free and very much neglected were his *Words* and *Actions*: And, for as much as they demonstrated the goodness and the candour of his Soul, appearing under the garb and covert of *simplicity*, with so much the more pleasure and satisfaction they were receiv'd. Notwithstanding

withstanding which, this *excellent Man* knowing well, that there are *times*, wherein the *Wise Man* is oblig'd to *lay aside* the repose and *tranquillity of Life*, to serve the *State in Publique Affairs*, did wholly *throw away* that *happy way of Living*, when he was Elected *Proconsul of Bithynia*, and afterwards was chosen *Consul*: And *acquitting himself worthily* of those *glorious Employments*, he shew'd by his *Application and Conduct*, that no *affair*, how *bulky* soever was too *unweildy* for his *management*. At the *Expiration* of these *Charges*, he fell again to his wonted way of *Living*, and then being became one of *Nero's* most *intimate Friends*, when though this *Prince* had very *bad Inclinations*, yet he was so much *enchanted* with *Petronius* his merit, that he made him the *Arbiter* of all his *Pleasures*, and
fanci'd

fanci'd, that amidst the *affluence* of these *Delights*, none were to be accounted *sweet* and *pleasant*, but such as were *approved* by *Petronius*. [I would be understood here to *speak* of *honest Pleasures*: since he was so far from *participating* in the *filthy Debauches* of *Nero*, as that that *Emperour* was us'd to *wonder*, how they could come to the *knowledge* of *Petronius*, who *reproach'd* him with them by his *Codicils*; so that he caus'd *Silia* to be *punish'd*, as *suspecting*, she had *reveal'd* them.]

From that time, *Tegallinus* eyed *Petronius* as his *Competitor*; and fearing, that by the means of *honest Pleasure*, he might do what *Seneca* was *unable* to *effect* with the *austerity* of his *Seet*, i. e. that he might reduce *Nero* from the *disorders* of his *Life*, and *restore* a *true Emperour* to *Rome*; he resolv'd to *under-mine* him, saying,

there was no *establiſhing* his own Fortune but by the ruin of *Petronius*. Wherefore, he straightwaies attacks the cruelty of that Prince, to which all his other Pleasures yeilded, and gave way: he accuseth *Petronius* of having been of the number of *Sevinnus* his Friends, who had shared in *Pisoe's* conspiracy: He corrupts a Slave of his, to depose against him: He deprives him of all waies to make his Defence, and causes the greater part of his Domestiques to be laid in Shackles, under such Circumstances, a Man, less generous, wou'd either have flatter'd himself with the hopes of Pardon, or prolong'd his Life to the utmost Extremity. But he, for his part, was of a quite contrary Opinion; he thought it both a vile and a weak thing to support any longer the fatigues of Fear or Hope, and resolving to die,

die, he contrives to do it, with the same *Tranquillity*, in which he had liv'd.

Thus, unwilling to part with his *Life* in a precipitate way, he has his *Veins* opened, and then bound up again, and still now and then taking off the *Bands*, according as his fancy mov'd him, he discours'd his Friends upon agreeable matters; not affecting to entertain them with serious Debates and starch'd sentences, by which he might pretend to the glory of *Constancy*. The last hours of his *Life*, by no means would he employ, in speaking of the *Souls Immortality*, or of *Philosophical Opinions*, but having pitch'd upon a sort of most voluptuous and most *Natural Death*, he chose rather to imitate the sweet fate of *Swans*, and had smooth and easy verses rehears'd to him, with *miscellanies* of Poetry.

try. Yet he reserv'd to himself some moments for the disposing of his Affairs: He rewarded many of his Slaves, punished some, and seeing the time draw near of shaking off Mortality, after having used a little exercise, he fell into a calm and gentle Slumber: So that his Death, which was constrain'd, might seem casual and Natural. Now, let men talk of Socrates! let them boast of the constancy and firmness of mind, wherewith he drank the Poyson! Petronius doth not yeild, to him in the least punctilio. Nay, Petronius may pretend to the advantage of having abandon'd a Life infinitely more Delicious than that of the Greek Sophy, with the same serenity of mind, and the same equallity of Countenance.

But that you may the better know, how rich and precious is the
the

the *Pleasure*, I defend ; I design to give you the *Portrait* of a man who possesses it in perfection, and by depicting his contrary afterwards, to take away all reasons of jealousy and doubt, that *Epicurus* his voluptuism is of high esteem. Imagine then a Man in perfect health, possessing a good Estate ; enjoying delights handsomely ; having a mind peaceable and contented ; tasting always and with abundance the most diverting pleasures of *Body* and *Mind* ; not troubled with the presence, nor menaced with the fear of any Pain : What condition can you suppose more excellent, or more desirable than this ? For, it is necessary, that, such a Person, to be in this State, shou'd possess a force of *Mind* proof against Pain and Death it self ; shou'd be absolutely undeceiv'd of the false Opinions of the *Vulgar* ; should be insensible of impertinent

Terrorours

Terrours and *Scholastique* Scare-Crows; not suffer the *Pleasures* to escape, which he enjoys; always *entertaining* himself in the *sweetness* of their *Remembrance*: And, this is to be at the *high'st* period of *Felicity*, and to have nothing more to pretend to for the accomplishment of ones *happiness*.

On the other side, let us figure to our selves a Man oppress'd with all the evils, that can afflict *humane Nature*; depriv'd of all hopes of ever seeing them lessen'd or abated; sensible of no present *Pleasure*, having never tryed any past delights; not daring to aspire to the possession of *future* ones: And when we have acknowledged, that nothing can be imagined more *miserable* than this Estate, let us confess *wit*hal, that there is nothing more *happy* than the *volup'tuous* Follower of *Epicurus*.

Now if you think this *happy*
Man,

Mau, whose *Picture* I now draw, is no where else to be found than in my imagination, and that so perfect a *Felicity* cannot be among *Men*; I must confess, you have but sorry *Sentiments* of our humane condition, and of the goodness of *Heaven*, and I fancy my self engag'd to retrieve you out of this error, if I would pass with you for a real *Mau*, and to keep you from mauldering any more against our misery, and the *Injustice* of *Destiny*. Thus then, I find, that original done by the hand of one of the greatest *Masters*, plac'd in the *Cabinet* of the curionssest of *Authors*, that ever Writ: It is *Felicity* it self painted under the visage of *Orata*, for so *Tully* calls him; and here follows a faithful *Traduction* of what he relateth of his happiness. To *Orata*, a Man of *Wealth*, *Pleasantry*, and *Niceness*, nothing was wanting of all that
can

can serve to live voluptuously, to procure Love, and enjoy an entire and a perfect Health. For he gathered very ample Revenues from his Noble Lordships : He had always many Friends very useful, agreeable, and diverting : He dexterously made use of all these things, to maintain a sweet solacing Life : And to say all in few words, his Wills and Designs had ever a success as propitious, and an accomplishment as favourable as he could wish. In this condition, I do not think, any thing cou'd be found fault with, in provision no change fell out, but that Orata must be perfectly happy, if he can remain in the State, wherein we show him. And this, if I am not mistaken, is a *Portrait*, that bears assimilation enough to the first design, which I shewed you, and which you might peradventure take for *Crotisque* and a fancy of the Painter.

Let

Let us now seek for some *miserable* men in opposition to this *Orestes*: We will *compare* him (if you please) to those *unfortunate* Wretches, whom we see upon the *antient Theatre*, the one of whom Judges himself too *criminal* to manage the *Grecian Scepter*, who fears to *dishonour* the Race of *Pelops* by owning himself a *Branch* of that *Family*, and who dares not *show* his *Face* to *Mortals*. Or let us compare him with that *other*, who *beck'ning* to his *Friends*, that they should not *approach* him, *esteems* himself so *unhappy*, that he *fears*, his very *shade* may be *contagious*. Or rather, let's not call to *mind Atreus* or *Thyestes*: Let us forget their *Crimes*, whose *Memory* creates an *Abhorrence*; and let our *Eyes* no longer *dwell* upon a *Family*, that hath *forc'd* the *Sun* to *return* back to the *East*, and has *furnish'd* Hell with

with one of its most famous *Punishments*.

Occule.

Noxiundo oblitteretur Pelopidum.

Let us rather choose *Heroes* and *People* as wretched as the Progeny of *Tantalus*. Let *Amphiaraus's* Son come and acquaint us with his being *Habgoblin'd* by *Visions*, and his demanding succours against the *Furies* that haunt him.

Oh Wretch ! What is't, I see ?
 Whence come those Lamps,
 Which seem to rise from yon
 Tomb's gloomy Damps ?
 Help me, defend me from the
 burning Rage
 Of this hot Fire : Oh ! It's dam-
 ned heat assuage !
 Night's ghastly Daughters, round
 each awful Shrine,

With

*With blewish Snakes their horn'd
Mien* entwine :

*The direful hissings ! Now, they
me assail,*

*Now, now I feel their Flames :
No plaints avail.*

*The sound of crashing stripes in-
vades my Ears,*

*And stabs my drooping Soul with
thunder-pointed Fears.*

After *Alcmeon* has thus let us
see the tortures of his Conscience,
and the racks of his *Mind*, let
Philoctetes entertain us with the
miseries, which he is reduc'd unto !
Let him speak, and complain of
his ill Fortune ; for truly, he
makes no distinction of Persons,
when he says :

*Poor Mortal thou, whom Winds
and Seas that roar,
Drive on the Isle of Lemnos sa-
cred Shore.*

Con:cmr

Contemn me not, tho' thus; tho'
me you find

Most solemnly forlorn of all Man-
kind.

View those vast Rocks, expos'd to
th' Firmament,

Where midst of sorrows, I nine
years have spent.

Hard Stones my Bed, of Glory
quite bereft,

Here far from Battles, far from
Lawrels left,

Debar'd the Freedom of the
Aer,

I snap the flying Fowl of fleetest
Wing,

And with their Plumes, I weave
my covering.

Let him then shew us his *Bodi-
ly* Pains, when his *Ulcer* becomes
inflam'd: He *despairs* in these
Verses:

Has no Man, of you, pity in his
Soul, That

That his soft Heart may my hard
Fate controul?

Will none from this high Pyke,
this salvage Rock,

Give me one gentle and good-na-
tur'd Shock;

That head-long into raging Bil-
lows thrown,

My much more raging Tortures I
may drown?

There let me Bulge upon the boy-
st'rous Floods,

Umid the Sea has lav'd me into
Suds.

Nothing is equal to my Pangs:
The Fire

Burns in my aged Wound with
Ulcerous Ire,

The great Vulcano to this
Mound, while I

In Flames, a Salamander, ne-
ver Dye.

Or, if these Misfortunes be
not yet sufficient, let us with O-
vid

vid amass together all the *miseries* of *Fables*, to wish them to a Man, and then judge, whether his condition be more happy than that of *Orata*, or of that famous *Vatia*, who formerly merited this Exclamation; O *Vatia*, you alone know, how to live: And, consequently, let us conclude with a like Exclamation: O *Epicurus*, thou alone knowest how to Philosophize.

By all these *vanities* we may know, that *Volupty* is not only worthy of the *Eloges* of all Men, but that it is their *Sovereign good* and sole end. Yet in regard this first Proposition makes the principal point of *Epicurus* his Doctrine, and that is the most true, it is also the most contested. Having begun to undeceive these *Enemies* of his, I must consummate my Documents and their *Instruction*, and leave the truth of this Opinion so well established in their minds, that

that no more *occasion* they may have to dispute it, but with *extream Injustice*. Therefore, that they may be of this Opinion, I will only desire them to cast their *Eyes* upon *Nature*, whose *effects* are rational and certain *experiences*. They will not only find, that she *authorises* what I say, but she gives them such clear *Demonstrations*, that, unless they purposely *hood-wink* themselves, they will be constrain'd to *acquiesce* therein. Let 'em consider, what this *common Mother* doth in the *production* and *Birth* of *Animals*; that is to say, in her intire *Purity* and before her *Corruption*: They may observe, that she *inspires* them with the *love* of *Volupy*, and the *flight* of *Dolour*; that she conveys 'em to what is *pleasant*, and *distancth* 'em from what is *hurtful*; that she *teaches* them (if a *Man* may say so) *good* and *evil*,
and

and when they attain the *former*, they *rejoice* and rest *satisfi'd* in it. For which reason, when our *Philosopher*, following the *Institutions* of *Nature*, pronounces, that the *voluptuous Life* is the *end* of *Man*, he does not trouble his Head about proving *this Proposition*. As he thinks, there is no need of the dint of *Ratiocination* to persuade Men, that *Fire* is *hot*, *Snow* cold, and *Honey* sweet, because these are *sensible* things ; he, likewise, believes, that to apprehend the love of *Pleasure*, which may easily be known by *natural* effects, a Man need only make use of a mean *Animadversion*, and a simple *Advertisement* upon those effects.

However, tho' we have *nature* on our side, *that is*, an *infallible Decision* ; tho' we fully perceive in our *minds* a certain *notion*, which *enclines* us to hate *evil* and pursue
Pleasure ;

Pleasure; tho the *beginnings* of our wishes, of our *disgusts*, and of all our *actions* draw their *origine* from *Pleasure* and *Pain*; nevertheless, because some *Philosophers* maintain, that *dolour* ought not to be reckon'd among *evils*, nor *Pleasure* among *Goods*, and because to *establish* this *Opinion*, they alledge many *curious* things, we must not so strongly *confide* in our own, as not to stick to the *naked truth*. We must argue in favour of the *Epicurean* pleasure: We are to shew, that *Reason* as well as *Nature* authorises that *sect*. And certainly, if the *philosophers*, who found fault with this *pleasure*, had considered it well, if they had viewed it, before they *attack'd* it, they would have easily *discover'd*, that they were *mistaken* in their *Enemy*, and that their *Forces* ought not to have been bent against this *pleasure*. That they

G

were

were mistaken in their *Investives*, and rejected it only on the score of the *Pains*, which follow it sometimes; they might have perceiv'd; for that those *pains* did not proceed from it, that it is the fault of those who use it ill, and by consequence, they would not have decry'd a pure and clean source, for having found it muddied and defil'd by dirty *Beasts*. For, they must confess to me, that there is no Man in the World, that despises Pleasure, *quatenus* Pleasure, that hates or eschews it; that loves Pain as Pain; that follows or endeavours to attain it. But because those who use the most moderate Pleasures ill, afterwards undergo many disquiets and torments; and, on the contrary, there are certain Seasons, in which pain and labour do occasion exceeding great pleasures: This hath made those *Philosophers* (who had

had only consider'd the *Sequels* of a *Ill-husbanded Pleasure*, and of a *profitable and necessary Pain*) to strike the *former* out of the *class* of *Goods*, and then set *pain* among *praise-worthy* things. But in my Opinion, they had acted much more discreetly, if they had *emulated* us; and if after having *accus'd* the *prophaneness* of *pleasure*, as the *Epicureans* do in their *School*, they had not only *discharged* *pleasure* from the *crimes*, by them *imputed* to it, but also had *bestowed* upon it *Encomiums* and *Crowns*, and openly *pronounc'd* in *favour* of its *Innocence*. For, under what colour, could they *reprove* a *Man*, who is *desirous* to *enjoy* such *pleasures*, as from which he receives no *annoyance*, and who will endeavour to *avoid* the *pain*, that brings him no *profit*? Let 'em, then, *quest* about, as long as they *please*, they will

never find the least shadow to condemn it: On the other hand, right reason will still force them to adorn it with the sublimest praises.

Now, it is time, to imploy all our forces in an enterprize, that needs them: Now are we to combat generously, that so we may acquire an immortal victory. The case is no longer the defending pleasure, or considering it as the chief good of Life. We must raise it upon the Throne of Vertue, which disputes with it that Title: And tho we do not chase that vertue away from it, whereof we make profession, we must constrain it to yield the first place to pleasure. And certainly, as all Philosophers agree, that the ultimate end, which Man ought to propose to himself in this World, is a calm and a pleasant Life. many of them are chous'd in situating this Life in Vertue and
not

not in pleasure, and in making their applications to the Splendour of a name, that tops upon 'em, without considering an opinion, whereto nature her self compels their assent. And in truth. if they wou'd consult and believe her, they must own, that those virtues, which they stile great, precious and magnificent, only seem estimable to them, in as much as they contribute towards pleasure, and that, consequently not considered by themselves, they ought not to prefer 'em before a thing, from which they receive their whole Value and Reputation. For, in the same manner we approve of Physick not upon the account of the Art, but upon the score of Health; and the Science of Pilots deserves commendation only for the usefulness of Navigation; we, like wise, shou'd not wish for wisdom, which may be called the Art of Life, if it

were of *no use* to us, and did not contribute towards our obtaining the possession of *virtue*.

There is no necessity of repeating here, what that *Pleasure* is, or of designing you afresh, not to despise that Name, which Men have corrupted. You know very well, how severe *Epicurus* renders it, and you must needs avow that it is no shame for wisdom to veil to it, and thence to borrow its whole consideration. Also, on our side, we will confess, that without being a *Philosopher*, a Man cannot be happy, and that wisdom is the only means to attain *Pleasure*. In effect, the weakness and frailty of humane nature, being afflicted with the ignorance of good and evil, floating commonly betwixt those two things, without being able to discriminate them, and often electing with joy, what is to be avoided with care, doth fall into so monstrous

froms a blindness, that Men in-
stead of meeting with the felicity,
they gape after, shear off aloof
from it; so that they become
miserable instead of finding satis-
faction, and in exchange for the
Pleasures propos'd to themselves,
they plunge themselves into Pains,
which vex and torment them.
Wherefore, the use of wisdom
ought to draw 'em out of this mi-
serable condition: Its Candle is to
light them in such an irksom and
lonely darkness: Its power is to
redeem 'em from slavery and bon-
dage; from inordinate desires;
from inconsiderate terrors, and
from rash Opinions: In imitation
of Hercules, it must make them a
passage through so many Monsters,
and conduct them with safety to
Pleasure. Wisdom alone performs
these great things, like a faith-
ful and a generous Guide: She re-
moves the difficulties of the way

She points out to us. But it is not sufficient, that we do not ramble out of it, we must also in safety walk therein: And while the Winds and Seas disperse and drown the Ships, which Sail without her Steerage, others whose Rudder she hath taken in hand, pull into Harbour without running any Risque or dreading any Tempest. In this Port, it is, where the Wise Man meets with pleasure: In this Port, he reposedly contemplates the turmoil of the rest of Mankind: He discovers all the impertinent errors, which persecute their weakness: He observes, with how much busy eagerness they endeavour to satisfy their Passions: He sees em-crow'd in multitudes, striving who shall advance farthest in Power, in Riches, and in Fortune.

Certare Ingenio, contendere Nobilitate;

Noctes

Noëtes atque dies nisi praestante la-
bore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerum-
que Potiri.

And then, having consider'd all
these things, he breaks out into
this Exclamation.

O miseras hominum mentes ! O pec-
tora caca !
Qualibus in tenebris vita, quantif-
que periculis
Degitur hoc *Ævi*, quodcunque est ?

For his particular, nothing dis-
quiets him ; nothing frets him ;
nothing troubles him : But, he is
happy, he follows nature ; he en-
joys an accomplished felicity ; and
in this state he offers up his Thanks-
givings to wisdom, the donatrix of
his Pleasure. Like him, we must
act, if we mean to be happy, like
him : We must throw our selves
G 5 into

into the *arms* of that *wisdom*, and endeavour to *attain* that *Pleasure*. We must *stifle* those *unlucky* desires, which rob us of it: They are *insatiable* and *dangerous*: They not only *minate* private *Persons*, but destroy whole *Families*: They pull down *States*; they create *Odiums*, *Divisions*, *Discords*, *Seditions*, and *Civil Wars*: They are the *Tyrants* and *Enemies* of those *Breasts*, that foster them. And if we put the *Poets* to a scrutiny and *examination*, we shall find, that by the *torments* of the *Damned*, they design to figure out those whom these *internal plagues* do afflict.

*Cui Vultur jecur ultimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, infimasque Fibras,
Non est quem Tytium vocant Poeta,
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luxus.*

Since, therefore, by the *sole*
aid

aid of wisdom, we can surmount them, as she alone makes us capable of resisting Fortune, and by her we learn all the means of acquiring tranquillity and a sedate Life; why shou'd we fear to conclude, that it is only desirable on the account of producing Pleasure and opposing Pain? The same thing we are to say of temperance, and only not desire it for it self, but because it preserves to our Souls that Peace, without which we could not be happy. and by the Concord it inspires, it appeaseth our troubles, and finds even Pleasure in them. 'Tis this Vertue, which always comes to the assistance of wisdom: 'Tis that which executes what the other doth only deliberate: And as that shews us, what we are to shun, and what to follow, this stops us, when we run contrary to the their advice, and when we give more credit to our senses

senses than our *reason*. This is a *Bridle*, which *holds* us *in*, when we are *hurried* on towards evil *Pleasures*; a *Hand*, that *conducts* us in the *road* of true *joy*; and, in brief, a *virtue*, without which we can neither be *happy* nor *wise*. And truly, what *avails* our knowing *good*, when we are too weak to *practise* it? What *signifies* our seeing a *precipice*, if we *suffer* our selves to *tumble* down it, and our *giving* the glory of all *words* to *wisdom*, when we *rob* it of all its *actions*? To this pass most Men are *reduced*: they *conclude* all for *wisdom*, but they cannot *keep* to what they have *concluded*. They know, there are *pleasures*, whose *results* are *dangerous*, and most *au-*
serely *forbidden* by *Epicurus*: But they make a *mock* of this *Philoso-*
phers *prohibition*, and *abandon* themselves to the *empire* of their *bad* *desires*. They are like to *Pha-*
dria

dria in *Terence*, and they speak through his *Mouth* on the *Theatre* of that excellent *Comique Poet*. This *outrag'd Lover* acknowledges, indeed, he should do an *unworthy* action, if he came once more to a *reconciliation* with his *Mistress*. He declares here *ipso facto* to a *guilt*, and himself a *wretched Man*: He *frets* terribly, and grows very *uneasie*. What then? he does not *reform*; he *burns* still with *Love*, and when he most apparently sees, that he *stands* upon the very *brink* of *ruin*, yet even then he *perishes* with *deliberation*. So that *Phadria* does want no *wisdom*, but he wants *temperance*. He *knows*, what ought to be *done* in order to his *repose* and *pleasure*, but he doth not *practise* it. He *knows*, what is *best*, and *approves* it, and yet he *follows* the *worse* side. These are *wens manners*, admirably well *describ'd* and *expressed*.

sed. This is the *image* of their *sentiments* and *frailties*. Thus, without *temperance*, they cannot find pleasure. In *vain* do you *upbraid* them, that what they follow, is *irrational*; that it is *unnecessary*; that its *privation* produces no pain. In vain do you *index* the *Diseases*, *Dammages*, or *Infamy*, that follow their *enjoyments*. In vain, do you *menace* them with the *punishment* of *Laws*, and the *severity* of *Magistrates*: You can tell 'em *nothing*, but what they *knew* before, and what they'l *say* themselves. What of all this? Why, *still* they are the *Slaves* of *what* they as well as you *detest* and *abhor*, resembling those *Grecian Philosophers*, that were *allow'd* in an *high* and *mighty* strain to *talk* of such *virtues*, as they never *practised*.

A sort of *Men* there are *still* behind, who indeed are *no* *Philosophers*, but yet *dispute* with much

acumen

acumen and *vivacity*. These Men (whom we may call the *Prophanners* of the *Epicurean Pleasure*,) will upon *no* account allow *temperance* to be a *virtue*, and loudly declare, that *happiness* depends upon the *fancy* and *imagination*. There is no *staying* to *contest* with unreasonable people: And the *greatest mischief*, we can *wish* them is, that they may live *according* to their own *desire*. Our selves we may barely *content* with knowing, that their *opinion* is false and horribly *ill grounded*, and that *felicity* is never but in the *desires*, which *temperance* brings along with it. For, it is not only a miserable thing to *desire* what is *not honest*: But also it is more *advantageous*, *not* to *obtain* what we *desire*, than to *obtain* what we cannot without *shame* *desire*. Inso-much that we ought to be of the *Opinion* of that Antient Gentleman

man, who judging of *Comity* banish'd from *Rome*, while *Manlius* was *Master* of that *City*, esteem'd the condition of that *virtuous Exal* to be better than that of that *bad Citizen*. But in truth, those who study *temperance*, and manage the possession of pleasure so well, that they feel not any pain; these Men, certainly, may be termed happy, and merit the Title of *Sages*. Most durable as their pleasures, as being well regulated, and their whole *Life* being calm and ease, because it is *innocent*. They are far from pursuing *inordinate pleasures*: Their felicity consisting in a total *abstinence* from them. Nay, they go to meet some pains, that they may avoid greater: And from their only using *temperance* in the enjoyment of pleasure, they leave us to conclude, that *temperance* as well as *wisdom*, tend only to a more quiet possession of that pleasure,

pleasure, which *temperance* is in
quest of : Not that it *makes* the
 pleasure, but it *preserves* it in us,
 by making us to *use* it *rightly* and
 with *Judgment*. You would per-
 adventure be *startled* (if not *trou-*
bled) at it, if *prosecuting* the *exa-*
mination of *Vertues*, and refer-
 ring them to *Pleasure*, I *aver*, that
fortitude depends on it as well as
wisdom & *temperance* ; & that that
Vertue, which terrasseth *Lyons* un-
 der foot, which *despises* dangers,
 and could without any *dread* view
 the *ruin* of the *whole World*, pro-
 duces nothing *illustrious*, but what
 bears a *respect* to *pleasure*, and *pro-*
ceeds from it as from a *source*. For,
 first of all, it must be conceded,
 that neither the *labours* we under-
 take, nor the *pains* we support,
 have any *thing* to *provoke* our *Sto-*
machs, if we consider them *simply*,
 and *separate* them from other
 things : And that the *care* and *di-*
ligence,

Agence, so frequently commended
 in *Life* and in *Affairs*, and the
force (whereof we are now speak-
 ing) are never practis'd, unless it
 be with some *design*, some *end* *bo-*
no, and for some certain *cause*. But
 we must say, that these things
 were introduc'd for the tranquillity
 of *Life*, and we follow them only,
 that we may live without care and
 fear; with an intent to deliver (as
 much as possible) our *Body* and
Mind from the *Maladies* and *Trou-*
bles which might afflict them, and
 safely to enjoy that indolence, which
 is one of the *compositum's* of *Epi-*
curus his pleasure. And indeed,
 how would you have a Man live
 happy, when he fears death? How
 would you have that *Sicilian* find
 pleasure in the midst of *Feasts* and
Musique, when all the while he
 dreads the fall of that *Sword*, which
 threatens his *Head* and *Diadem*?
 Is it not an extream misery to fall
 under

under *pains*, and yet support 'em
basely and with *weakness*? Did
 not this *debility* of *mind* formerly
 make *several* to *loose* 'emselves, af-
 ter having *lost* their relatives and
 their *Country*? What was it, I won-
 der, that *occasion'd* poetry to Me-
 tamorphose *Hecuba* into a *mad*
Bitch, unless it be, that the grief
 which *overcame* her, *compell'd* her
 to *imitate* the *fury* of that *Crea-*
ture? Perhaps, if she had *wish'd* stood
 her grief, or, at least, had *endea-*
voured to *forget* the *occasions* of it,
 they wou'd not have *made* her to
 proceed from *tears* to *despair*, and
 from *desperation* to *rage*. Now,
 these are the *complaints*, they *put*
 into her *mouth*, and, by the repre-
 sentation of the *wretched* estate she
 was *reduc'd* to, and of that which
 she had *lost*, she *fosters* her *mourn-*
ing *Soul* upon their *Stage*. and *en-*
kindles the *flames* of that *rage*,
 which was *ready* to *seize* her.

Under

Under the pressure sunk of heavy Fate,
 Alas, what can I do in this Estate?
 To what retreat can Hecuba now fly?
 What kind Asylum, or what Fort is nigh?
 Out of bel's jurisdiction here I lie.
 Ilion's high Tower and City, where the Gods,
 Like Heaven it self, did settle their Abodes,
 Where they themselves with Vows and Offerings
 came,
 Is now th' insulted prey of the lewd Grecian
 flame,
 I've lost these Treasures. Whither can I go,
 What hope expect, or what small comfort know?
 When to Men Altars Sacrifices turn,
 And Deities their holy losses mourn,
 When Folly is Chaos, &c.

Afterwards, she calls to mind
 the beauty of her edifices, and the
 Riches of Asia, to augment both
 her own grief, and that of the
 Spectators: For who can remain
 unmov'd with her discourses.

Oh, dearest Country, or, my Country's Shade!
 Priam's high House in lowly Ruins laid!
 Oh, Temples worthy of the Godhead's Eye,
 Whose frame with Godlike Art Man did devise
 I've seen your Fanes and wealthy Shrines shine
 bright

With

*With Starry Gems, that cast Celestial Light.
The Gold, the Ivory, &c.*

And, what Person can avoid being seiz'd with both *horror* and *pitty*, when she proceeds in this manner ?

*By merciless Flames all this I've seen devour'd :
I saw the Aged Priam, when he pour'd
His Royal Soul upon Jove's Hearth in Blood :
Never so great a Victim it embr'd.
Dragg'd through the dirt I've seen my Hector's
 course,
Without the Grecian's pity or remorse,
And to complet the sum of Funerals
I've seen his Son thrown headlong from our Walls.*

So that I do not at all wonder, that the People of Rome should sigh heretofore, when they heard these Verses publicly rehears'd, and that I my self in reading them gush'd out into tears. Thus their strength and beauty forced me to translate them : And, tho' perchance I have injured both : Yet as in translating them, I have imitated the
Antients

Antients with some latitude, I have likewise *satisfi'd* such persons, as do not *understand* them, and have in *no* sort robb'd others, who *understand* 'em in their *original*. But in what language soever we *consider* them, it is *easy*, to perceive, they *come* from a *mind* very sorely afflicted, and tho' they were stript of their *finest* Ornaments, they contain *sufficient* seeds of sorrow to create *pitty*. *Hecuba*, indeed, hath great *occasions* to bemoan her *condition*. She had lost her *Husband*, her *Son*, her *Empire*, and her *Freedom*. If she beheld these misfortunes without bewailing them, she had been insensible, and we very *inhumane*, if after so many very *literal* losses we shou'd go about to debar her tears. But for all that, when she has wept and *bedew'd* four or five *Handkerchiefs* for some time, we should not be

unjust

unjust to prescribe bounds to her
affliction, by regulating her *tears*
 and sorrow, and by *advising* her
 at length to *oppose* the force of
 reason against that of despair.
 Now some delicate and *Womanish*
 Man, that is affected with her
 complaints, might perhaps start
 in her *defence*, that *those* who
 would limit her sorrow to the
 first *motions* of her mind, would
 allow her her laments to the last
minutes of their *Lives*, if they
 shar'd the afflictions, whereof
 they only judge. And, by conse-
 quence, they would prove, that
 our Philosophy, which only talks
 of Victories, would take wing at
 the sight of so many calamities,
 when it shou'd see them coming
 pell-mell to overthrow it. To such
 a tender-hearted Man I wish a
 mighty deal of *happiness*, for, with-
 out dispute, if any *mischance* be-
 fall him, he would not forbear
weeping

weeping most bitterly: Yet not unless upon *this* condition, that for this *kind wish*, he will give me a *dispensation* from believing, what he *says*, and not *exact* of me, that I judge of the *strength* of his Philosophy by the feebleness of reason. For, not *staying* much to *refuse* all those *Men* he may have corrupted [in case there be *any* such, and it be lawful, to hate such *effeminate People Men*] I shall content my self with putting him to the blush with two *common* examples. They are Persons, whose *Age* and *Sex* might probably render extremely feeble, and yet in their infirmity have that force and strength, which our *effeminate* Blade does not desiderate in *Hecuba*, and does even despair to find among the Philosophers. Let him consider the *deaths* of *Astianax* and *Philoxena*, a Child, and a Virgin: These the *Greeks* condemned

condemned both to *execution*. See here *Ulysses* advancing himself, holding the *first* by the *hand*, and walking *fiercely* to *tumble* him down But, See ! the Boy follows him with no less *assurance*.

————— *Sublini gradu*
Incedit Ithacus parvulum dextra
trahens
Priami Nepotem ; nec gradu sequi
Puer
Ad alta pergit mania.

Consider, that among *all* those who *accompany* and *lament* him, he *alone* it is, whose *Eyes* are *dry*, and *who refuseth* *Tears* to his *own Death*. Observe, that whilest his *Executioners* are *invoking* the *Gods* to that *bloody Sacrifice*, he *Throws* himself down from the *Pinacle* of the *Tower*, from whence he was *doom'd* to be *precipitated*, and *voluntarily* him-
H self

self puts a *Period* to a *Life*, which had *hardly* begun its *Part*.

But let us *turn* our eyes to the *other* side: For, *Polixena* is already plac'd upon *Achilles* Sepulchre, and only expects the *Blow*, which is to *appease* that *Grecians* shade, and *rejoyn* his *Soul* to those of his *Fore-Fathers*. Admire her *Beauty*, which appears so *sparling* and *Serene*; Her *Mien*, not at all *discompos'd* at the approach of *Death*: On the contrary, this *Sun*, which is going to set for ever, seems to add a *new Lustre* to the last *Beams* of its *Light*. There is also in her *Air* something more strong than her *Sex* & present *Condition* ought to bear. And indeed, she thinks it not enough to expect the *Blow*, without *Shunning* it: But, she sees it coming with much *fierceness*.

Conversa ad Helenam stat Traci volta Ferax.

And

And, when *Pyrrhus* had given her the *Mortal* stroke, her last action seems still an action of courage, and she does not let her self fall upon the Sepulchre of *Achilles*, but with design to make its *Earth* more heavy, and even in dying to revenge her self.

Tell me now, if it be not a shame in *Hecuba*, to see her Children more courageous than her self. Tell me, if it becomes her to pour forth such an Ocean of tears, while *Astianax* and *Polixena* dye without shedding one single Melancholy drop. Tell me, if you do not think those persons happy, in comparison with that miserable Woman. Or, if you are so con-piust with the prospect of all these things, that you have nothing more to urge in her behalf, acquiesce at the long run with us, that she had too little courage in her calamities, and wanted fortitude to resent them.

them less *cruelly*. Now if it be
 true, that a *weakness* of *mind* is the
only thing, which renders mis-
 fortunes *insupportable* to us; and
 which making us to leave the
Helm in the *sharpest* Tempests
 and *Hurricanes* of *Fortune*, doth
 occasion the *wrecks* we suffer in
 places, where with *safety* we
 might *plow* the *billows*: Ought
 we not to seek *fortitude*, that so
 we may use it as an *Anchor*, op-
 posing it against the rage of *Wind*
 and *Water*, and *sheltering* our
 selves from the *barbarity* of the
Storm? Upon this *Pillar* we ought
 certainly to *lean* which serves
 for a *foundation* to *pleasure*, join-
 ing this *Vertue* to *temperance* and
wisdom: And for the *living* in *re-*
pose and in the *privation* of *misfe-*
ry, we must believe, that this
firm and *courageous* Spirit is ever
above *anxieties* and *caves*, seeing
 it *despises* *death* it self: And it
 must

must be so well prepared for pain, as to bear always in mind, that death is the remedy of the most violent, that the least have many good Intervals, and that it is Master of the middle and moderate ones. Which things standing thus, we are to infer, that we do not blame timidity and weakness, nor praise fortitude and temperance for their peculiar regard; but that we reject those and desire these, because of the former pain is the effect, and the latter skreen us from it.

So that, now, Justice remains only behind to be examined, and then we shall have done with the principal, which our Ethicks call the Cardinal Vertues. But the things, that might be said upon this point, are almost the same with the foregoing: And it is no less conjoin'd with pleasure than Prudence, Temperance and Forti-

trade, which can no ways be *with-*
drawn nor *separated* from it. And
 truly, this *pleasure* is so far from
 bringing any *damage* to our
*mind*s, that it doth ever *nourish*
 therein by its *influence* and its
nature, such *thoughts* and *sentiments*
 as are *sedate*, and never
 leaves us without these hopes,
 that we shall never want any
 thing of all that *nature* desires,
 when it is *un*corrupted. And just
 as *Intemperance* and *Folly* afflict,
 torment and trouble us incessant-
 ly: So *injustice* no sooner *seizes*
 on a Mans *treast*, but it *mixes*
disorder and *confusion* into it, ren-
 dering him *unhappy*, tho it should
 not render him *criminal*. But if
 an *unjust* Man does any *sinister*
 action, tho he *commit* it in *such*
 sort, that neither *Men* nor the
Sun are *privy* or can bear *witness*
 of it; yet notwithstanding that
 he is *sure* of its being *conceal'd*,
 and

and what *obscurity* soever the *shades* might have, which cover-
 ed it, he is still under apprehen-
 sions of its being *discuss'd* by
truth. *Suspicion*, commonly, fol-
 lows the actions of the *wicked*,
 and then *discourse*, and then *rum-
 our*, and then the *accuser*, and
 then the *judge*: And tho all
 these *fail*, their own *Consciences*
 will not fail to lay themselves
 open. Now if some Men believe,
 that their *Riches* and *Power* forti-
 fie 'em sufficiently against *humane*
justice, and set them above *Laws*
 and *Punishments*, yet they cannot
 secure their dear *Persons* against
Divine Justice: They never lift
 up their *Eyes* towards *Heaven*,
 but their *Consciences* fly in their
Faces, and give 'em horrible ap-
 prehensions; and they are still
phancying, that those *piercing* dis-
 quiets, which devour them with-
 out *abatement*, are the secret
Executioners

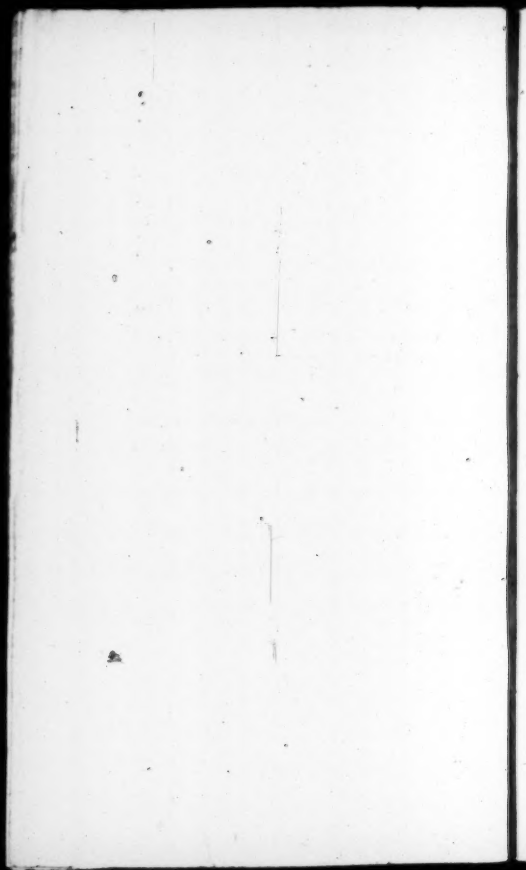
Executioners of the punishment, which the *Divinity* inflicts upon them. For, what *Power*, or what *Riches*, when they are justly acquired, can so much *diminish* the *irksomnesses* of this Life, but that at the same time the *remorses* of *Conscience*, the *fear* of punishment, and the *Aversion* of Men do the more *augment* them? Are there not many Persons, who cannot set bounds to the desire of being more *Rich*, of getting more *Honours*, of *Lording* it more *absolutely*, of *shewing* themselves more *voluptuous*, of *making* more *stately* and *delicious* Feasts, of still *propagating* more and more their *sinister* Sentiments? And do we not see, that how great a *prey* soever they may have *scrap'd* together by their *lewd* ways, all this instead of *pacifying* their evil desires, helps only to *enflame* them still the more, and these people have

have more need of being chastis'd by the *Laws*, than corrupted by *reprimands*? Thus, reason invites *Men* of a sound judgment to maintain the justice established by the *Laws* and *Equity*, which derives its origine from *Nature* and *Faith*, which may be termed the *Band* of *Civil Society*. And this very reason shews, that *unjust actions* ought never to be undertaken; not by the *weak*, who wou'd undertake to attempt them without success, nor by the *Potent*, who having compassed them, would not meet with due repose, nor the accomplishment of their desires in them: And, in short, it forces us to own, that justice is not desirable for it self, but because it procures us much contentment, because it makes us to be belov'd and cherish'd, which are two delicious things: And in a word, by these two means, it renders
our

our *Life* the more *secure* and our *Pleasure* the more *complete*. Now, if the *praise* of those very *Virtues*, wherein other *Philosophers* did principally employ their most magnifick *Harangues*, cannot find any *issue* but that which leads to *Pleasure*, and, if that *Pleasure*, which is the *end* of all the *Virtues*, be the only thing, which calls us to it *self*, and attracts us by its own proper *Nature*, we may boldly deduce this *Corollary*, that it is the *summum bonum*, and the most perfect of all the blessings of humane *Life*: And we can no longer question, but that that is the truly happy *Life*, which *Epicurus* hath taught us. O holy and severe *Pleasure*! O admirable *Philosophy*! By what mischance did Men come to decry thee! How hast thou been abhorr'd by many virtuous Persons, that did not understand thee! What has bindred their
their

their *Eyes* from *seeing* through the *Veil*, that their *Virtues* are under thy *Dominion*! And how did they *happen* to *treat* then with *opprobrious terms*, when they are *obliged* to thee for their *Felicity*! But happy the *Men*, that have been of the *Wise Man's Sect*, that hath *followed* thee! Happy those, who have *imitated* him! Happy even those, who being *born* in an *Age*, wherein *several* believe, that the *Vice* and *Pleasure* of *Epicurus* are but *one* and the *same* thing, have had *sufficient* light to *discover* the *contrary*, or at least *sufficient*, *addresses* to stand up in its *defence*, tho they have not had *courage* sufficient to put it into *Practice*.

F I N I S.



Annotations
ON
EPICURUS
HIS
MORALITY.

PAGE 63. *some Stoicks, who were Epicurus greatest Enemies, have not used him so roughly.*] I suppose he means *Seneca* for *One*, (tho he was no *Enemy* to *Epicurus* in his *Life*, what-ever he might be in his *Doctrine*) who in *many* places of his *Works* giveth him *high Commendations*. More particularly, there is one *Sentence*, which speaks
I mighty

mighty kindly in his Favour, and which Gassendus has plac'd in the Title Page of his *Life* of this Philosopher: But I cannot at present set it down here, the Place not recurring to me in Seneca (only I remember in general, that 'tis in his *Epistles*) and not having by me the Book written by that immortal Gallican Philosopher, whom this latter Age may boast of no less for his Learning than Experience, and who seems to have made an equal Combination of Speculation and Practice together. But I am heartily of Opinion, that all these good words, which Seneca gave Epicurus, were in complement to the rest of the Great and Lordly Men of his Age, who thorough the Extremities of the whole Roman Empire, were generally Epicureans, if they did at all hold any solid and fundamental Opinions.

Page 67. *People would deal, &c.*
 In this place my *Author* infers the
 innocence of the *Philosophy* from
 the *Life* of the *Philosopher*, which
 is no *conclusive* way of arguing.
Mr. Hobbs, no doubt, doth hold
 many *Dogmes*, which are *repugnant*
 if not *destructive*, to our *holy Re-*
ligion. Now, I cannot conclude,
 because his *Life* (I mean as to
 the greater part of it) for *innoc-*
ency and *strictness* might be *pa-*
rallel'd with that of the *Primitive*
Christians, that, therefore, those
Tenents of his were as *harmless* and
meek as any those *Catechumens*
 did *entertain*. But, what-ever our
Author says upon this *Head*, is
 not so *true* of *Athens* as *Malms-*
bury: There is a *different Fame*
 goes about of every *Man*, and it
 belongs to our *judgment* to weigh
 all *sides*: *Epictetus* his *Friends* a-
 ver this and more of him, than is
 here related; But they are, un-
 I 2 questionably,

questionably, over-ballanc'd on the other side. However, as to Mr. Hobbs, I do believe him to have been a truly honest and sincere Man, who spoke what he thought, and moreover to be upright in his Life and Conversation, notwithstanding the stories I have heard at Bishop's Tables concerning his dealings with the fore-mention'd Gassendus.

Page 68. Some who have taken Information of that Wisemans Life.] But if they happen to take Information from his Adversaries, that dissented from him, or perhaps those that writ the plain truth of things, they will not present the World with such a fair History of his Life, as they find Epitomiz'd in this and the ensuing Page. They will find, that he stole every Mother's Son of his Opinions from Democritus and the Eleatick School, tho' afterwards he

he endeavour'd to hide and conceal the *Theft* by changing the Opinions in some little things : That he was so vain and proud, as to exclude from the number of Learned Men all that did not adhere to his Philosophy, and did not declare themselves his *Sectators*, as *Plutarch* acquaints us : That he was of a fierce and vexatious Spirit, would let no body alone but rail'd at every thing, that stood in his way, most contumeliously contending with *Aristotle*, most shamefully *Billings-gating Phado* the *Socratick*, and in several *Volumes* opposing *Timocrates*, the Brother of *Metrodorus*, his Companion, because he in some small concerns differ'd from him in Philosophy. *Laertius*, indeed, on whose Sleeve *Gassendus* seems to pin his Faith, hath spoken much in his behalf; & to vindicate his Reputation from this among other Aspersions,

ons, that he asserted the lowest sorts of bodily Pleasure to be the supreme Felicity of Mankind, he says, that his Scholars did either ignorantly or wilfully mistake him. Yet, his profess'd Disciple and great Admirer Lucian, who prefer'd him before all other Philosophers, and exalted him at such a rate as never Man was exalted, unless Lucretius had the management of him) comparing him with Aristippus and Democritus his Masters, saith, that he exceeded them both in Impiety and Luxury. His impioussness appears, that he had the most monstrous conceptions of God and his Providence, that ever Atheist pretended to own, and that he denyed the Immortality of the Soul: All which Metaphysicks may be seen in Lucretius himself. But as for his voluptuousness, we know that Tully an Author of much greater Authority

rity than *Laelius*, having objected to one of *Epicurus* his Friends his unworthy definition of happiness, quoting it in his own words, and reproaching the sense of it, asserts that *Epicurus* did acknowledge no happiness distinct from corporal and soft and obscene Pleasures, of which he us'd to discourse by name without blushing. He reports also concerning *Mezodorus*, who (as we have said) was *Epicurus* intimado, that he did scornfully disdain his Brother *Timocrates*, because he hesitated whether all things that belong to an happy Life, are to be measur'd by the Belly, and offer'd to shew *Velleius* his Books, if he question'd the Allegation. His Garden was not shut to Whores and Strumpets: It was a perfect Moor-fields, only I believe, it might be a cleaner place, and better situated: *Leontium* was the *Creswel*, Famous

for her *audacious* Writing against *Theophrastus*, and the right *knack* of a *virtuosa-Impudence*, which had *risen* to that *height*, as to cast very *foul blots* on the *impotent Lust* of *Epicurus*, when the poor Gentleman was now grown *deadly old*, in a *Letter*, which she wrote to *Lamia*, yet *extant*. It is recorded in the *second Book* of *Alciphron*, where the *Learned* part of the *World*, if they have any *occasion* for it, may find it *whole and entire*: I only think fit, in *this place*, both for the *honest* satisfaction of the Reader, and for an *Idea* of *Style* to our *Modern Jilts*, to translate the *beginning* of it.

Nothing, in my Conscience, is more hard to please, than that old Fellow, when he grows young again; this Epicurus, (O Laud !) does so mortifie me. He must be picking faults with every thing, suspecting the very Leaves of the Trees, that
make

make a noise, writing Eternal Love Letters to me, which keep me from his Garden. By Venus, if Adonis were now Fourscore years Old, Lowsy, always Sick, and wrapp'd his Head in a Fleece of Wooll instead of a Cap, I could not endure him.

These brief *Memoirs* may satisfie any Man, that has no mind to take up any thing upon trust, before he comes to read this dissertation, wherein the *Foundation-Principle* of the *Epicurean Philosophy*, i. e. That our happiness doth consist in voluptuousness, is with great Industry canvass'd, and to the great honour (greater perhaps than he deserv'd) of *Epicurus*.

Page 87. *There is nothing bounded but in Nature.*] That is to say, every thing in nature hath its particular *Limits* and *Circumscriptions*, according to the *threefold* dimensions of place : Tho all things ta-

ken together, i. e. the Universe or *Natura rerum*, may have a vast and indefinite Extension, and banish the supposition of imaginary spaces. Yet, in things immaterial, and independent of matter and body it is not so: Ex. Gr. The Will enjoys an Attribute, next to infinity: There are no bounds to be set to it, but what reason prescribes; and this prescription is to be guided according to the necessities of Nature. Ambition is the greatest Extravagance and Monstrosity, and gave a Monstrous Birth to the Fable of Typhon, who was a Giant, feign'd to be the Son of Erebus and Terra: Ambition ascending as all other vices from Hell, of which he was a Type. He was said to have reach'd Heaven with his Hands, because of his aspiring Thoughts, and to have forc'd Old Jove from thence, in regard by

Ambitious

Ambitious Spirits Princes are often chas'd from their Thrones.

Page 90. *Let the Stoiques boast as high as they please, the insensibility of their Sect.*] They held *μηδὲ εἶναι λόγον*, that *Passions* were *Irrational*; whence they defined *ἡδὴ δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν αἰσθησις, καὶ οὐκ ἐστὶν, ὡς ὅπου πλεονάζουσα*, an inordinate *Impulse*, straying beyond *Nature*. This was a pleasant conceit, but such a one, as, I am glad, they held with all my heart; since, otherwise, we had never met with all that *Wis*, which *Seneca* bestows upon the *Illustration* of this Point, while with a great deal of *Passion* he labours to prove that the *Wise man* ought to have none. 'Tis certain, the whole *Intrigue* of *Virtue* and *Vice* consists in the *Passions*: And by the same *Argument* a *Papist* may persuade us *Protestants* to throw away our *Bibles* utterly, because we, some-
times,

times, make bad use of them.

Page 94. *And because the memory of Mæcenas*] These verses of *Mæcenas*, *Seneca* comments upon excellently well and like himself, in his hundred and first Epistle. He calls it *Turpissimum Votum*, that ever Man should refuse neither weakness, nor deformity, nor the Cross it self, provided but a little Life would stay in him, during his sufferings. Herein, he prays for the Greatest Curse that could befall him, & he begs for a continuance of his Punishment, as if it were for Life it self. But of all things this was the most contemptible, that he should desire to live, tho' it were to be Crucified. You may debilitate, cripple me (says he) if you please, so that the Soul does but stay in my broken and useless body : Squash me double in pieces upon the Rack, so that the distorted
Monster

Monster does get some *Time*:
 You may hoist, and nail me to
 the sharpned *Cross*, yet it is worth
 my while, to compress my *Wounds*,
 and to hang down straightned
 from the *Tree*, so that I but de-
 fer what is best in *Evils*, an end
 of the *Punishment*. It is worth
 my while to have a *Ghost*, that I
 may give it up. What can we
 wish to this man, but that his
Prayers may be answer'd? Was
 ever heard a *Bargain* of so much
 foolish *Fear*? Did ever man beg
 his *Life* with so much *Turpitude*?
 Do ye think, *Virgil* had ever re-
 peated that to him,

Usq; adeone mori miserum est?

Or he had ever seen [let me add]
 those *Verses* of his beloved *Horace*,
 wherein *Regulus* is describ'd
 leaving *Rome* at his return for
Carthage, and which in my weak
Judgment;

Judgment, I think, to go beyond
any thing, that ever *Horace* writ
of Imagery?

*Fertur pudica Conjugis Osculum,
Parvūsq; natos, ut capitis Minor
A se removisse, & virilem
Torvis humi posuisse Vulsum:
Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret Autor nunquam aliis dato,
Interque marentes Amicos
Egregius properaret Exul, &c.*

Page 101. One of 'em hath en-
deavour'd by his Writings to destroy
his Opinions.] i. e. Cicero, who in
most of his Philosophick or Moral
Writings doth oppose the Opini-
ons of *Epicurus*, especially this of
Volupty being the *Summum Bonum*.
And he deals not only with his
Ethicks, but his *Physicks* and *Theo-*
logy too, by introducing several of
the Greatest Wits and Gentlemen
of Rome, in company and conversa-
tion,

tion, some of whom being le-
ven'd with these Principles he
makes to dispute with huge viva-
city and acumen with him and his
Friends.

Page 107. Petronius did not
employ the last hours of his Life in
few Speeches concerning the Souls Im-
mortality.] As Seneca did, who
made better use of his time, and
did not dye with the Crowders a-
bout him. This may be easily in-
terpreted in a very bad sense, prin-
cipally when my Author else-
where (page 60. of the second
Volume of his Works Printed at
Paris) speaks so slightly of
the Eternal duration of the Soul :
And therefore, I think my self
oblig'd not to pass it over without
some Asterisk fixt upon it. For
my part, I would go no farther
than this place to find an argument
for the Soul's Immortality : For,
I think it an undeniable proof,
that

that if the *Soul* be *Immaterial*, it is certainly *Immortal*, unless *God* will withdraw his ordinary *Providence* and annihilate it. Now, that its *essence* is *immaterial* and not *corporeal*, may be gather'd hence, that if it were *co-substantial* with the *body*, it could never act as it does in a dying man. When one *Vein* was *Lanc'd*, then would so much *Soul* fly out with the *Animal Spirits*, and the *mind* would contract an equal *Imbecillity* with the *Body*; *Judgment*, *Invention*, *Memory*, would all fail *Gradually*: And the very *Harmony*, which *Petronius* thought to find in his *Musique*, would prove *Discord* to him. Not to engage here in any disputes, I will only mention a *Story* that a *Roman Catholique*, my *Friend* and a *Person* of excellent sense told me t'other Night: When he was last in *France*, he pay'd a *Visit* to an *Hermite*: And after

after much *discourse*, finding him to be of a free temper, and (as we say) a *Good-humour'd Man*, he became so confident, as to ask him, why he being so accomplish'd a Man, and so fit for the Pleasures as well as *Affairs* of humane Life, should go and macerate himself at this rate for a thing that is doubtful and Cross and Pile: *Why*, (says he) *If I am in the right at last, I am most happy; if wrong, I am where you are still.*

Ibid. He chose to imitate the sweet Fate of Swans.] Pausanias notes, that Cygnus King of Liguria, a Prince much addicted to *Musique*, was transform'd into a Swan by *Apollo*, which Bird ever since was *Musical*, entertaining its own death with Songs and Rejoicings. Ovid in his *Epistles*:

Sic, ubi Fata vocant, undis abjectum
in undis, Ad

*Ad vultu Mæandri concinnis al-
bus Olor.*

*The dying Swan, adorn'd with Sil-
ver Wings,
So in the Sedges of Mæander sings.*

'Tis true, the *Authors* of na-
tural History, give little credit to
this Relation of their Harmonical
Notes before death, as *Aristotle*,
Pliny, *Dr. Brown*, &c. and
Alexander Myndius says, That
he has attended the death of seve-
ral of them, yet could never
for his Life hear one Musical
Note. However, since it was,
the vulgar notion, it serv'd the
Poets to beautifie their Poesy with-
al; and when my Author was
speaking of a Poetique death, it
was pity but the Mantuan Swan
should come into his Head. The
Roguy *Martial* himself us'd it as
one of his Flowers in his Epigrams:

*Dulcia defectâ modulatur carmina
Lingua,* *Canta-*

(175)

*Cantor, Cygnus, Funeris ipse sui,
The Swan her sweetest Notes sings
as she dies,
Chief Mourner at her own sad Ob-
sequies.*

Page 110. *Impertinent Terrours
and Scholastic Scare-Crows.*] This
is such a description of happiness as
we meet with in the Poet :

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere
causas,
Atque metui omnes, & inexorabile
Fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque A-
cherontis Avan !*

———*Virg. Georg. 2.*

The Lord *Verulam* somewhere
observes very well, that perhaps a
little Philosophy may make men
Atheists, but a greater search in-
to the *Clue of Causes*, doth cer-
tainly extricate them from that
pestilence

pestilent Principle; it being (as Pindar calls it) *εχθροσ κοσια*, a wicked Craft, and seems to entitle *Archeists* to the Denomination of *Wits*, when indeed it is *αυγοις & αυαβη*, the very height of Folly, or rather of Ignorance, as *Clemens Alexandrinus* says. And we have an Instance of it in *Hobbs* himself, even where in effect he expresses himself *One*; who in the very same Book, in which he pretends, that it is highly necessary to the Empire of our High and Mighty Sovereign Lord and Master *Leviathan*, that the unthinking *Mobile* be abus'd with the Belief, and scared with the Terrour of Invisible Powers, yet lest the World should be tempted to think him so weak as to be betray'd into the same Opinion, he declares openly *totidem verbis*, That neither himself, nor any wise-man ought to regard the Tales of Religion, and that

that they are only *design'd to chouse poor Ignorant and Foolish Creatures.* Just as if this great *Politician* shou'd go about to fright *Birds* from his *Corn* (which is one of his own *similitudes and colours of Speech*) with an *empty Doubler*, an *Hat* and a *crooked Stick*, but yet lest the *Jack-Daws* should take him, for one of their own *silly Flock*, he shall take most *especial care* to *inform* them, that *himself* knows it only to be a *man of Clouts*.

These are mens manners, admirably well describ'd and express'd.]

'Tis the *nature of Flesh and Bloud*, sometimes, to run counte to that *Old Ethical Axiom*, *Omnia appetunt bonum*, but then it appears under the *notion and semblance of Good*: As you see this *antique Saw*, a line above translated,

*Video meliora probog;
Deteriora sequor.*

Salust

Salust the Historians Excellence
lay in characterizing men, and
his chief strokes in those Characters
lye in the representations of the
same Persons frequent Differings
from themselves, in their Passions
and Habitudes of Virtue and Vice.

Page 146. This Sun, which is
going to Set for ever.] He alludes
to that of Catullus:

Solus occidere & redire possunt :
Nobis, cum brevis occidit semel Lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Page 151. They never lift up
their Eyes towards Heaven, but
their Consciences fly in their Faces.]
Conscience is a Principle inherent
in the Soul, and deriv'd from God
and Nature, and not to be erad-
icated by the Art of Man. Great
Philosophers have Christen'd it by
the most venerable Names, as

Θεός

Ode. *non*, Ode. *in* *de* and *de*
non, Ode. *in* *de*, *is* *is* *non*
non *non* *non* *non* *non* *non* *non* *non*
 God, a Divine Bishop or Over-
 seer, a Sacred Deity, a Power,
 that hath fram'd to himself a na-
 tural Temple in the Conscience. Tho
 Atheists pretend to slight it, yet
 Cato who disputed zealously a-
 gainst it, confess'd, that as to Mar-
 vers of Virtue and Vice, *fine* *all*
divina ratione grave ipsius Conscien-
tie pondus est. [Tull. de Nat. Deo-
 rum lib. 3.]

But it begins to grow dark, and
 I think, here are notes enow o'
 Conscience already for a Book of
 this small magnitude. I will, there-
 fore trouble neither my Reader
 nor my self any further with such
 stuff, as any Fellow who has but
 one Eye to look into an Index and
 another into a Book, can with as
 great ease as haughtiness present
 him withal, upon some hours re-
 tirement

retirement into his Study. This, in
 plain truth, is my case: For, I
 am not indebted to my Stars so
 much, as Seneca (the Declama-
 tor) was, who could repeat ten
 Thousand Names in the same Or-
 der, that they were rehearsed, and
 could remember all the lovely things
 in the Juvenile Harangues of Rome,
 Forty years before. Beyond all
 contradiction, this is the best way:
 I love, when Men do a thing, that
 they should do it thoroughly!

FINIS.

in
, I
fo
na-
my
Or
T
r
me,
all
ry:
aat



rude, which can no ways be *with-*
drawn nor *separated* from it. And
 truly, this *pleasure* is so far from
 bringing any *damage* to our
minds, that it doth ever *nourish*
 therein by its *influence* and its
nature, such *thoughts* and *sentiments*
 as are *sedate*, and never
 leaves us without these hopes,
 that we shall never want any
 thing of all that *nature* desires,
 when it is *uncorrupted*. And just
 as *Intemperance* and *Folly* afflict,
 torment and trouble us incessant-
 ly: So *Injustice* no sooner *seizes*
 on a Mans *Breast*, but it intils
disorder and *confusion* into it, ren-
 dering him *unhappy*, tho it should
 not render him *criminal*. But if
 an *unjust* Man does any *sinister*
 action, tho he *commit* it in such
 sort, that neither *Men* nor the
Sun are *privy* or can bear *witness*
 of it; yet notwithstanding that
 he is *sure* of its being *conceal'd*,
 and

and what *obscurity* soever the *shades* might have, which *cover*-
ed it, he is still under apprehen-
 sions of its being *discuss'd* by
truth. *Suspicion*, commonly, fol-
 lows the actions of the *wicked*,
 and then *discourse*, and then *rum-*
our, and then the *accuser*, and
 then the *judge*: And tho all
 these *fail*, their own *Consciences*
 will not fail to *lay* themselves
 open. Now if some Men believe,
 that their *Riches* and *Tower* forti-
 fie 'em *sufficiently* against *humane*
justice, and set them above *Laws*
 and *Punishments*, yet they cannot
 secure their *dear Persons* against
Divine Justice: They never lift
 up their *Eyes* towards *Heaven*,
 but their *Consciences* fly in their
Faces, and give 'em *horrible* ap-
 prehensions; and they are still
phancying, that those *piercing* dis-
 quiets, which *devour* them with-
 out *abatement*, are the secret
Executioners

Executioners of the *punishment*, which the *Divinity* inflicts upon them. For, what *Power*, or what *Riches*, when they are *justly* acquired, can so much *diminish* the *irksomnesses* of this *Life*, but that at the same time the *remorses* of *Conscience*, the *fear* of *punishment*, and the *Aversion* of Men do the more *augment* them? Are there not *many* Persons, who cannot set *bounds* to the *desire* of being more *Rich*, of getting more *Honours*, of *Lording* it more *absolutely*, of *shewing* themselves more *voluptuous*, of *making* more *sumptuously* and *delicious* Feasts, of still *propagating* more and more their *sinister* Sentiments? And do we not see, that how great a *prey* soever they may have *scrap'd* together by their *lewd ways*, all this instead of *pacifying* their *evil desires*, helps only to *enflame* them still the more, and these people have

have more need of being chastis'd by the *Laws*, than corrupted by *reprimands*? Thus, *reason* invites *Men* of a sound judgment to maintain the *justice* established by the *Laws* and *Equity*, which derives its origine from *Nature* and *Faith*, which may be termed the *Band* of *Civil Society*. And this very *reason* shews, that *unjust actions* ought never to be undertaken; not by the *weak*, who wou'd undertake to attempt them without *success*, nor by the *Potent*, who having compassed them, would not meet with *due repose*, nor the accomplishment of their desires in them: And, in short, it forces us to own, that *justice* is not desirable for it self, but because it procures us much contentment, because it makes us to be *belov'd* and *cherish'd*, which are two delicious things: And in a word, by these two means, it renders
our

our *Life* the more *secure* and our *Pleasure* the more *compleat*. Now, if the *praise* of those very *Virtues*, wherein other *Philosophers* did principally employ their most magnifick *Harangues*, cannot find any *issue* but that which leads to *Pleasure*, and, if that *Pleasure*, which is the *end* of all the *Ver-tues*, be the only thing, which calls us to it *self*, and attracts us by its own proper *Nature*, we may boldly deduce this *Corollary*, that it is the *summum bonum*, and the most perfect of all the *blessings* of humane *Life*: And we can no longer *question*, but that that is the truly happy *Life*, which *Epi-curus* hath taught us. O holy and severe *Pleasure*! O admirable *Phi-losophy*! By what *mischance* did Men come to *decry* thee! How hast thou been *abhorr'd* by many *virtuous* Persons, that did not *un-derstand* thee! What has *hundred* their

their *Eyes* from *seeing* through the
Veil, that *their Virtues* are under
 thy *Dominion* ! And how did
 they happen to treat then with op-
 probrious terms, when they are
 obliged to thee for their *Felicity* !
 But happy the *Men*, that have
 been of the *Wise Man's* Sect,
 that hath followed thee ! Happy
 those, who have imitated him !
 Happy even those, who being
 born in an *Age*, wherein several
 believe, that the *Vice* and *Plea-*
sure of *Epicurus* are but one and
 the same thing, have had sufficient
 light to discover the contrary, or
 at least sufficient, *addresses* to stand
 up in its defence, tho they have
 not had courage sufficient to put
 it into *Practice*.

F I N I S.

Annotations
ON
EPICURUS
HIS
MORALITY.

PAGE 63. *some Stoicks, who were Epicurus greatest Enemies, have not used him so roughly.*] I suppose he means *Seneca* for *One*, (tho he was no *Enemy* to *Epicurus* in his *Life*, what-ever he might be in his *Doctrin*) who in *many* places of his *Works* giveth him *high Commendations*. More particularly, there is one *Sentence*, which speaks
I mighty

mighty kindly in his *Favour*, and which *Gassendus* has plac'd in the *Title Page* of his *Life* of this *Philosopher*: But I cannot at *present* set it *down* here, the *Place* not recurring to me in *Seneca* (only I remember in *general*, that 'tis in his *Epistles*) and not having by me the *Book* written by that immortal *Gallican Philosopher*, whom this *latter Age* may boast of no less for his *Learning* than *Experience*, and who seems to have made an equal *Combination* of *Speculation* and *Practice* together. But I am heartily of *Opinion*, that all these *good words*, which *Seneca* gave *Epicurus*, were in *complement* to the rest of the *Great and Lordly Men* of his *Age*, who thorough the *Extremities* of the whole *Roman Empire*, were generally *Epicureans*, if they did at *all* hold any *solid* and *fundamental* *Opinions*.

Page 67. *People would deal, &c.*]
 In this place my *Author* infers the
innocence of the *Philosophy* from
 the *Life* of the *Philosopher*, which
 is no *conclusive* way of arguing.
Mr. Hobbs, no doubt, doth hold
 many *Dogmes*, which are *repugnant*
 if not *destructive*, to our *holy Reli-*
gion. Now, I cannot conclude,
 because his *Life* (I mean as to
 the *greater* part of it) for *inno-*
cency and *strictness* might be *pa-*
rallel'd with that of the *Primitive*
Christians, that, therefore, those
Tenents of his were as *harmless* and
meek as any those *Catechumens*
 did *entertain*. But, what-ever our
Author says upon this *Head*, is
 not so *true* of *Athens* as *Malm-*
sbury: There is a *different Fame*
 goes about of every *Man*, and it
 belongs to our *judgment* to weigh
 all *sides*: *Epicurus* his *Friends* a-
 ver this and more of him, than is
 here *related*; But they are, un-
 questionably,

questionably, over-ballanc'd on the *other side*. However, as to Mr. *Hobbs*, I do believe him to have been a *truly honest* and *sincere* Man, who spoke what he *thought*, and moreover to be *upright* in his Life and Conversation, notwithstanding the *stories* I have heard at *Bishop's Tables* concerning his *dealings* with the *fore-mention'd Gassendus*.

Page 68. Some who have taken Information of that *Wisemans Life*.] But if they happen to take Information from his *Adversaries*, that dissented from him, or perhaps those that writ the plain truth of *things*, they will not present the *World* with such a *fair History* of his *Life*, as they find *Epitomiz'd* in *this* and the ensuing Page. They will find, that he stole every *Mother's Son* of his *Opinions* from *Democritus* and the *Eleatick School*, tho' afterwards he

he endeavour'd to hide and conceal the Theft by changing the Opinions in some little things : That he was so vain and proud, as to exclude from the number of Learned Men all that did not adhere to his Philosophy, and did not declare themselves his Sectators, as *Plutarch* acquaints us : That he was of a fierce and vexatious Spirit, would let no body alone but rail'd at every thing, that stood in his way, most contumeliously contending with *Aristotle*, most shamefully Billings-gating *Phaedo* the *Socratick*, and in several Volumes opposing *Timocrates*, the Brother of *Metrodorus*, his Companion, because he in some small concerns differ'd from him in Philosophy. *Laertius*, indeed, on whose Sleeve *Gassendus* seems to pin his Faith, hath spoken much in his behalf; & to vindicate his Reputation from this among other Aspersi-

ons, that he asserted the *lowest* sorts of *bodily Pleasure* to be the *supreme Felicity* of Mankind, he says, that his *Scholars* did either *ignorantly* or *wilfully* mistake him. Yet, his *profess'd* Disciple and great Admirer *Lucian*, who *prefer'd* him before all other *Philosophers*, and *exalted* him at such a rate as never *Man* was *exalted*, unless *Lucretius* had the *management* of him) comparing him with *Aristippus* and *Democritus* his Masters, saith, that he *exceeded* them both in *Impiety* and *Luxury*. His *impioufness* appears, that he had the most *monstrous* conceptions of *God* and his *Providence*, that ever *Atheist* pretended to *own*, and that he *denied* the *Immortality* of the *Soul*: All which *Metaphysicks* may be seen in *Lucretius* himself. But as for his *voluptuousness*, we know that *Tully* an Author of much greater *Autho-
rity*

rity than *Laertius*, having objected to one of *Epicurus* his Friends his unworthy definition of happiness, quoting it in his own words, and reproaching the sense of it, asserts that *Epicurus* did acknowledge no happiness distinct from corporal and soft and obscene Pleasures, of which he us'd to discourse by name without blushing. He reports also concerning *Metrodorus*, who (as we have said) was *Epicurus* intimado, that he did scornfully disdain his Brother *Timocrates*, because he hesitated whether all things that belong to an happy Life, are to be measur'd by the Belly, and offer'd to shew *Velleius* his Books, if he question'd the Allegation. His Garden was not shut to Whores and Strumpets: It was a perfect Moor-fields, only I believe, it might be a cleaner place, and better situated: *Leontium* was the Creswel, Famous

for her *audacious* Writing against *Theophrastus*, and the right *knack* of a *virtuosa-Impudence*, which had *risen* to that *height*, as to cast very *foul blots* on the *impotent Lust* of *Epicurus*, when the poor Gentleman was now grown *deadly old*, in a *Letter*, which she wrote to *Lamia*, yet *extant*. It is recorded in the *second Book* of *Alciphron*, where the *Learned* part of the *World*, if they have any *occasion* for it, may find it *whole and entire*: I only think fit, in *this place*, both for the *honest* satisfaction of the Reader, and for an *Idea* of *Style* to our *Modern Jilts*, to translate the *beginning* of it.

Nothing, in my Conscience, is more hard to please, than that old Fellow, when he grows young again; this Epicurus, (O Laud !) does so mortifie me. He must be picking faults with every thing, suspecting the very Leaves of the Trees, that
make

make a noise, writing Eternal Love Letters to me, which keep me from his Garden. By Venus, if Adonis were now Fourscore years Old, Lowsy, always Sick, and wrapp'd his Head in a Fleece of Wooll instead of a Cap, I could not endure him.

These brief *Memoirs* may satisfie any Man, that has no mind to take up any thing upon trust, before he comes to read this dissertation, wherein the *Foundation-Principle* of the *Epicurean Philosophy*, i. e. That our happiness doth consist in voluptuousness, is with great Industry canvass'd, and to the great honour (greater perhaps than he deserv'd) of *Epicurus*.

Page 87. *There is nothing bounded but in Nature.*] That is to say, every thing in nature hath its particular *Limits* and *Circumscriptions*, according to the *threefold dimensions of place*: Tho all things ta-

ken together, *i. e.* the *Universe* or *natura rerum*, may have a vast and indefinite Extension, and banish the supposition of imaginary spaces. Yet, in things immaterial, and independent of matter and body it is not so: *Ex. Gr.* The Will enjoys an Attribute, next to infinity: There are no bounds to be set to it, but what reason prescribes; and this prescription is to be guided according to the necessities of Nature. Ambition is the greatest Extravagance and Monstrosity, and gave a *Monnothian* Birth to the Fable of Typhon, who was a Gyant, feign'd to be the Son of *Erebus* and *Terra*: Ambition ascending as all other vices from Hell, of which he was a Type. He was said to have reach'd Heaven with his Heads, because of his aspiring Thoughts, and to have forc'd Old Jove from thence, in regard to
Ambitions

Ambitious Spirits Princes are often chas'd from their Thrones.

Page 90. *Let the Stoiques boast as high as they please, the insensibility of their Sect.*] They held *πάθος είναι ἀλογον*, that *Passions* were *Irrational*; whence they defined *Πάθος ἀλογον ψυχῆς κίνησις, καὶ ἀφ' αὐτῆς, ἢ ὁρμῇ πλεονάζουσα*, an inordinate *Impulse*, straying beyond *Nature*. This was a pleasant conceit, but such a one, as, I am glad, they held with all my heart; since, otherwise, we had never met with all that *Wit*, which *Seneca* bestows upon the *Illustration* of this *Point*, while with a great deal of *Passion* he labours to prove that the *Wise man* ought to have none. 'Tis certain, the whole *Intrigue* of *Virtue* and *Vice* consists in the *Passions*: And by the same *Argument* a *Papist* may persuade us *Protestants* to throw away our *Bible* utterly, because we, some-
times,

times, make *bad use* of them.

Page 94. *And because the memory of Mæcenas*] These verses of *Macenas*, *Seneca* comments upon excellently well and like himself, in his *hundred and first Epistle*. He calls it *Turpissimum Votum*, that ever *Man* should refuse neither *weakness*, nor *deformity*, nor the *Cross* it self, provided but a *little Life* would stay in him, during his *sufferings*. Herein, he *prays* for the *Greatest Curse* that could befall him, & he *begs* for a *continuance* of his *Punishment*, as if it were for *Life* it self. But of all things this was the most contemptible, that he should *desire to live*, tho it were to be *Crucifid*. You may *debilitate*, *cripple* me (says he) if you please, so that the *Soul* does but stay in my *broken and useless* body : *Squash* me *double* in *pieces* upon the *Rack*, so that the *distorted Monster*

Monster does get some *Time*:
 You may hoist, and nail me to
 the sharpned *Cross*, yet it is worth
 my while, to compress my *Wounds*,
 and to hang down straightned
 from the *Tree*, so that I but de-
 fer what is best in *Evils*, an end
 of the *Punishment*. It is worth
 my while to have a *Ghost*, that I
 may give it up. What can we
 wish to this man, but that his
Prayers may be answer'd? Was
 ever heard a *Bargain* of so much
 foolish *Fear*? Did ever man beg
 his *Life* with so much *Turpitude*?
 Do ye think, *Virgil* had ever re-
 peated that to him,

Usq; adeone mori miserum est?

Or he had ever seen [let me add]
 those *Verses* of his beloved *Horace*,
 wherein *Regulus* is describ'd
 leaving *Rome* at his return for
Carthage, and which in my weak
Judgment,

Judgment, I think, to go beyond any thing, that ever *Horace* writ of Imagery?

*Fertur pudica Conjugis Osculum,
Parvūsq; natos, ut capitis Minor
A se removisse, & virilem
Torvus humi posuisse Vultum:
Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret Autor nunquam aliàs dato,
Intérque merentes Amicos
Egregius properaret Exul, &c.*

Page 101. One of 'em hath endeavour'd by his Writings to destroy his Opinions.] i. e. Cicero, who in most of his Philosophick or Moral Writings doth oppose the Opinions of *Epicurus*, especially this of Volupty being the *Summum Bonum*. And he deals not only with his Ethicks, but his Physicks and Theology too, by introducing several of the Greatest Wits and Gentlemen of Rome, in company and conversation,

tion, some of whom being le-
ven'd with these Principles he
makes to dispute with huge viva-
city and acumen with him and his
Friends.

Page 107. Petronius did not
employ the last hours of his Life in
set Speeches concerning the Souls Im-
mortality.] As Seneca did, who
made better use of his time, and
did not dye with the Crowderos a-
bout him. This may be easily in-
terpreted in a very bad sense, prin-
cipally when my Author else-
where (page 60. of the second
Volume of his Works Printed at
Paris) speaks so slightly of
the Eternal duration of the Soul:
And therefore, I think my self
oblig'd not to pass it over without
some Asterisk fixt upon it. For
my part, I would go no farther
than this place to find an argument
for the Soul's Immortality: For,
I think it an undeniable proof,
that

that if the *Soul* be *Immaterial*, it is certainly *Immortal*, unless *God* will *withdraw* his ordinary *Providence* and *annihilate* it. Now, that its *essence* is *immaterial* and not *corporeal*, may be gather'd hence, that if it were *co-substantial* with the *body*, it could never *act* as it does in a *dying* man. When one *Vein* was *Lanc'd*, then would so much *Soul* fly out with the *Animal Spirits*, and the *mind* would contract an equal *Imbecillity* with the *Body*; *Judgment*, *Invention*, *Memory*, would all fail *Gradually*: And the very *Harmony*, which *Petronius* thought to find in his *Musique*, would prove *Discord* to him. Not to engage here in any *disputes*, I will only mention a *Story* that a *Roman-Catholique*, my *Friend* and a *Person* of excellent sense told me t'other *Night*: When he was last in *France*, he pay'd a *Visit* to an *Hermite*: And after

after much *discourse*, finding him to be of a free temper, and (as we say) a *Good-humour'd Man*, he became so confident, as to ask him, why he being so accomplish'd a Man, and so fit for the Pleasures as well as *Affairs* of humane Life, should go and macerate himself at this rate for a thing that is doubtful and Cross and Pile: Why, (says he) If I am in the right at last, I am most happy; if wrong, I am where you are still.

Ibid. He chose to imitate the sweet Fate of Swans.] Pausanias notes, that *Cygnus* King of *Liguria*, a Prince much addicted to *Musique*, was transform'd into a Swan by *Apollo*, which Bird ever since was *Musical*, entertaining its own death with Songs and Rejoicings. Ovid in his *Epistles*:

Sic, ubi Fata vocant, undis abjectus
in undis, Ad

Cantator, Cygnus, Funeris ipse sui.
The Swan her sweetest Notes sings
as she dies,
Chief Mourner at her own sad Ob-
sequies.

Page 110. *Impertinent Terrours*
and Scholastic Scare-Crows.] This
is such a description of happiness as
we meet with in the Poet :

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere
causas,
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile
Fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitamque A-
cherontis Avan'!

———*Virg. Georg. 2.*

The Lord *Verulam* somewhere
 observes very well, that perhaps a
 little Philosophy may make men
Atheists, but a greater search in-
 to the *Clue of Causes*, doth cer-
 tainly extricate them from that
pestilent

pestilent Principle; it being (as Pindar calls it) ἐχθρὰ σοφία, a wicked Craft, and seems to entitle *Atheists* to the Denomination of *Wits*, when indeed it is ἀνεγμία καὶ ἀμύβλια, the very height of Folly, or rather of Ignorance, as *Clemens Alexandrinus* says. And we have an Instance of it in *Hobbs* himself, even where in effect he expresses himself *One*; who in the very same Book, in which he pretends, that it is highly necessary to the Empire of our High and Mighty Sovereign Lord and Master *Leviathan*, that the unthinking *Mobile* be abus'd with the Belief, and scared with the Terrour of Invisible Powers, yet lest the World should be tempted to think him so weak as to be betray'd into the same Opinion, he declares openly *totidem verbis*, That neither himself, nor any wise-man ought to regard the Tales of Religion, and that

that they are only design'd to
 chouse poor Ignorant and Foolish
 Creatures. Just as if this great
 Politician shou'd go about to
 fright Birds from his Corn
 (which is one of his own simili-
 tudes and colours of Speech) with
 an empty Doublet, an Hat and a
 crooked Stick, but yet lest the
 Jack-Daws should take him, for
 one of their own silly Flock, he
 shall take most especial care to
 inform them, that himself knows
 it only to be a man of Clouts.

These are mens manners, admirably well describ'd and express'd.]
 'Tis the nature of Flesh and Bloud,
 sometimes, to run counter to that
 Old Ethical Axiom, *Omnia appetunt bonum*, but then it appears under the notion and semblance of Good: As you see this antique Saw, a line above translated,

*Video meliora proboq;
 Deteriora sequor.*

Salust

Salust the Historians Excellence lay in characterizing men, and his chief strokes in those Characters lye in the representations of the same Persons frequent Differings from themselves, in their Passions and Habitudes of Vertue and Vice.

Page 146. *This Sun, which is going to Set for ever.]* He alludes to that of Catullus :

*Soles occidere & redire possunt :
Nobis, cum brevis occidit semel Lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

Page 151. *They never lift up their Eyes towards Heaven, but their Consciences fly in their Faces.]* Conscience is a Principle inherent in the Soul, and deriv'd from God and Nature, and not to be eradicated by the Art of Man. Great Philosophers have Christen'd it by the most venerable Names, as

Θεός ἰσχυρός, Θεός ἰμώψιος and Θεός
 καὶ ἄλλος, Θεός αὐτοκρατορ, καὶ ἐστὶν ὁ αὐτο-
 κρατορ τῆς κοινῆς, i. e. a *Domestique*
 God, a *Divine Bishop* or *Over-*
seer, a *Sacred Deity*, a *Power*,
 that hath fram'd to himself a *na-*
tural Temple in the *Conscience*. Tho
Atheists pretend to slight it, yet
 Cotta who disputed zealously a-
 gainst it, confess'd, that as to *Mat-*
ters of Vertue and *Vice*, sine ulla
 divinâ ratione grave ipsius *Conscien-*
tia pondus est. [Tull. de Nat. Deo-
 rum lib. 3.]

But it begins to grow dark, and
 I think, here are notes enow o'
Conscience already for a *Book* of
 this small magnitude. I will, there-
 fore trouble neither my *Reader*
 nor my self any further with such
 stuff, as any *Fellow* who has but
 one *Eye* to look into an *Index* and
 another into a *Book*, can with as
 great ease as haughtiness present
 him withal, upon some hours re-
 tirement

tirement into his *Study*. This, in plain *truth*, is my *case*: For, I am not *indebted* to my *Stars* so much, as *Seneca* (the *Declamator*) was, who could repeat two *Thousand Names* in the *same Order*, that they were *rehearsed*, and could remember all the *lovely things* in the *Juvenile Harangues* of *Rome*, *Forty years* before. Beyond all *contradiction*, this is the *best way*: I love, when *Men* do a *thing*, that they should do it *thoroughly*!

F I N I S.

in
I
fo
a-
wo
r-
ad
gs
e,
ll
v:
t